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VOLUME 18 NUMBER 1

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S ISSUE

YOUR SEXIEST GIRL OF THE YEAR

VICE, PRESIDENT?

BUSH'S BABY STRIPS FOR CLUB

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED- IT'S NURSE ANDREA!

GAIL SAYS: 'I'VE GOT THE HORN!'

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMAT

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

LE BICENTENAIRE : 89-69 MÊME COMBAT!

DURES A CUIR : LINDA THORSON, JOAN JETT ET LITA FORD

SOLANGE ET SANDY : LES MINETTES SONT DE LA FÊTE!

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMAT

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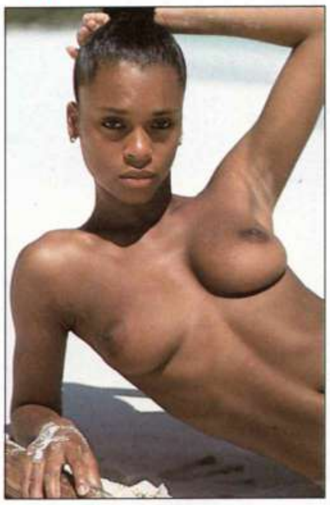

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

"It's time for a serious editorial this month, Dominant," the Ed said to me. "None of your usual off-the-cuff witticisms, none of these tongue-in-cheek jibes, however delectable your cheeks might be. You've got to give the readers solid, informative stuff."

So I am. And that's my New Year's resolution, isn't it lads? And it's none of this pansified going on diets or giving up smoking or promising to be nicer to tramps crap either.

No, my New Year resolution is to get myself shagged bandy every single day of 1989. I shall bring the New Year in with a bang, and it will most certainly be going out with one. And I know that you're all with me 100 per cent on that one.

But until it's your turn, you can occupy yourself and your percy with the bevy of beauties that we've got lined up for you this year. I can guarantee that your poor peckers will be dead from exhaustion by the end of it.

Meanwhile, to start '89 off on the right foot (for all you fetishists out there) we've got the results of our Girl of the Year poll. It took us the whole of Christmas to count the votes, and we were pissed the entire time, but finally we've got a result for you. I'm not going to tell you who won, even though I know. It's in here somewhere. But you'll have to read on to find out who it is . . .

And so that we can make our teasing pictures bigger, I'm going to bugger off now. Sod this serious editorial stuff. I'm off to teach the Ed a thing or two. So get on with having a good one on us – the New Year starts right here! – *Dominant Dowse* ♣

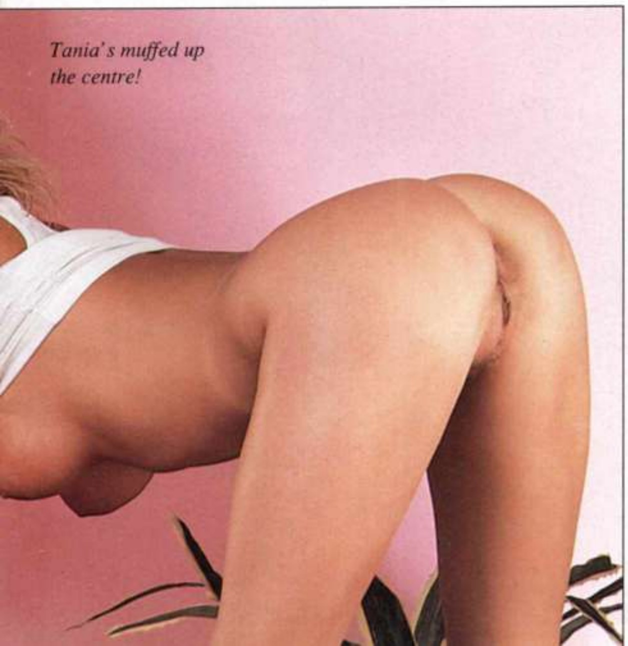
Above: Lucia's map. Below: nurse Andrea

Gina's looking hot in St Lucia

Porn queen Penny

These water nymphs are Talkin' Blue

Sandy, sun and sex – water photoset!



Tania's muffed up the centre!

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

This issue's bit of déjà vu is Vicky who stunned you all as a centrefold back in Vol 17 No 11. Back then she talked about how lovely her arse was (and indeed still is). So we've brought her and her best side (her backside) back for further scrutiny.

Since we last spoke her sexy underwear business has really taken off. ''It all started as mail order, and then we opened up a shop. We put an ad in the local paper saying 'Get Your Knickers Down at Vicky's,' and we haven't had a slack day since!''

And we at Club haven't had a slack postbag since Vicky appeared. Here's just a few of those who requested an action replay: D Williams from Staines, M Dawson from Crawley, L Parsons from Watchet, F Graham from Nottingham, P Blackledge from Middlesbrough, M Aitcheson from Lincoln, S Douglas from Crouch End and N Nyman from Tyneside.♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Full Colour

I am writing to you to say that I think your magazine is brill. I first picked up a pal's copy, and was amazed by the beautiful girls. What great figures they've got! I now buy your magazine every month. My recent favourite is Louise (Vol 17 No 10). What a figure! Sexy eyes, great tits, and *what* a cunt.

I do have one question. You have plenty of girls from Europe, but none from Asia, and no coloured girls in your mag. So come on lads, it's not much to ask, is it? Hope you think it's a good idea too. – *Russ, Swansea*

If they came forward, Russ, we'd run 'em. So come on all you exotic girls – the guys love you, so call us! – Ed.

Botty Beautiful

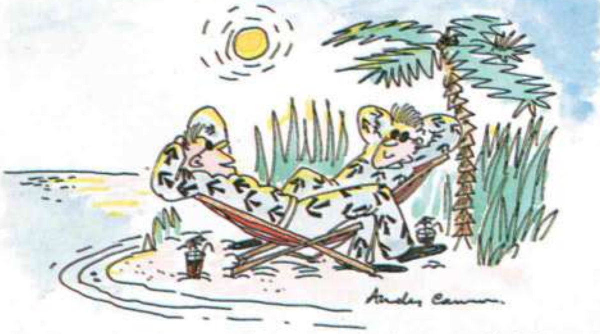
As an ardent bottom-worshipper I am eternally grateful for the innumerable, prick-tickling bum-shots that Club has given us. Not a month goes by without me shooting over one of the gorgeous arses in Club – in Vol 17 No 9 it was the voluptuous Natasha, who just looked as if she was on heat. My favourite shots are those, like the centrespread of Natasha, which reveal fleshy, shaven cunt-lips between the cheeks, while the girl looks over her shoulder inviting attention to her proud, expectant rear.

While Club provides the material for most of my bottom fantasies, I once had the pleasure of a night with Ruth, a temp from my office, who had a backside to outshine even the best I've seen in Club. I spent half the day at work watching her show off what she obviously knew was a bottom men would die for. She always wore tight skirts, which showed the perfect shape of her seat. She didn't have a big bum, which I find a turn-off anyway, but from the visible wobble as she walked she clearly had fleshy, supple cheeks, hiding treasures my cock ached for.

She must have observed my attentions, because it was really at her initiative that we went out for a meal one evening and found ourselves back at her place. We started necking on the settee, but when I started undoing her blouse, she said: "I know what you're really after. I've seen you ogling my pretty botty with a big hard-on in your pants." With that she lifted her long legs across my knee and put my hand underneath her bottom. I fondled her cheeks for a while, as she started peeling my clothes off gradually. "Wouldn't you like a proper look at my bottom?" she whispered, and did a strip for me, with her bum inches from my face. When she was naked she got down on all fours and looking at me coyly over her shoulder said, "I'm waiting for you, and my bottom's all hot and prickly, come on!"

Her arse was perfection – round, tight, with a deep, fleshy crack. Her pussy-lips glistened at the opening as she wiggled her bum impatiently. I pressed my face to her cheeks, which smelt of perfume and love juice, and as I ran my fingers down her crack and along her vulva the juices poured out, and I smeared the creamy liquid over her bottom. She moaned as I pressed my rock-hard cock against her squishy lips and then slid the length of my dick along her crack. I fully intended to shag her doggy-style, but her bum-cheeks were so inviting, so warm and soft, that I kept on rubbing my tool along the incredible cleavage of her arse. I pressed her cheeks together around my prick, so that it almost disappeared between them, but kept on sliding up and down with the moisture of her cunt. It was unique – it felt almost like a tit-fuck, but a million times better!

All this time Ruth was paddling away at her clitty, and by the sound of it, working her cunt with her fingers. I couldn't stop sliding my cock between her bottom cheeks, and as she moaned in orgasm, I spurted several thick gobs of jism all



I must say, there are advantages to sharing your cell with an illusionist . . .

IN ARREARS

Da, da, da dadada da da da da da da dada. This is probably the last time you'll ever hear this classic tune, as *Match Of The Day* (for that's what it is) has been usurped by *The Match* whose signature tune sounds like it's being blown out of someone's arse.

Now if it were this rather magnificent tush here I for one wouldn't be complaining. This little darling looks like it could sing a symphony note perfect. The only singing sphincter I've ever actually come across (in both senses) was an ex-girlfriend who could perform all three verses of the theme from *The*

over her arse in an ejaculation that seemed to go on and on.

I still felt dazed while Ruth pushed me on to my back and said, ''I like you fucking my bum-crack, but my pussy wants it too!'' Then she straddled me and held her bottom over my face, so that I could lick it and probe her pussy with my tongue, while she went to work on my flaccid dick. The sight and smell of her bottom just above my face was enough to get me hard again anyway.

''Now I want you to shag the arse off me!'' she panted. I thought she was after a good old face-to-face fuck, but my cock stiffened even more when she lay down on her tummy and splayed her legs wide. Her bouncy, quivering bottom was more inviting than ever, and her cunt-lips pouted tantalisingly. I lay down on top of her and gently pushed the tip

continued on page 14

***Flintstones* including the bit that goes Yabadabadoo (though this could prove messy on occasions). I used to accompany her with a gently rhythmic slapping on her silky smooth buttocks. The relationship soon ran out of steam, though she was still pumping like a good 'un. Last I heard she was gigging as a Bum Rap act. – *Billy Buttock*♣**

VICE, PRESIDENT?

Bush baby Lucia (pronounced Loo Cheeya) Marcello is a self-confessed political animal. Yet she's no radical feminist or closet vote snatcher – she's just got the hots for new American Premier George Bush. ''I think

lucia

Photographs by Scott Evans

it's great he's got to the White House. The thought of one man with so much power at his fingertips just sends my pussy into

THE GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC 1865-1950
II
MORISON & COMMAGER

overdrive,'' purrs 22-year-old Lucia, her half-Italian blood beginning to boil. She's spent the last few months in her home town

THOMPSON

GERMANY

of Chicago picking up any snippet of campaign memorabilia she can – anything with Bush's picture on it, from coffee mugs to party political panties. "Of course, I'd rather have the real thing rubbing my pussy! If I do ever get hold of him then I'll be conducting my very own Erection Campaign." So – fancy some vice, President? ♣

Derek Hatton used to be on the left, but he seems to prefer the middle these days.

HIGHLY Strung!

Club's roving snappers are always on the lookout for some tasty crumpet. And they really had a feast down at London's Empire Ballroom at the finals of Labbatt's Miss In-String Competition, where there were raging hordes of women wobbling around in outfits made out of a couple of bits of garden twine, so nobody worried about names.

First prize went to luvverly Lee Scott, representing Paradise Lost nightclub in Watford. Sue Foster from Birmingham's Dome was second, with Deborah Quinn from Bentley's in Sunderland third. Our own Stacy Winfield was among the finalists too – we just cannot understand why she didn't win!

A fair few chaps turned up to ogle the assembled females, too. Gary MacDonald from *EastEnders* took a cab from Albert Square to Leicester Square for the occasion. And veteran red Derek Hatton showed a militant tendency to get intimate with every girl in the place. Full Marx for effort, Derek.♣

"Here's a cheque to cover yer assets, darling," says EastEnder Gary.

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

of my knob into her hot, wet quim.

It was very tight because she was lying down and not on all fours, but once I had the full length of my engorged tool inside her, it felt out of this world. Ruth was squeezing my dick inside her by moving her bum up and down. As I thrust harder, the pressure grew and I could feel the hot mounds of her pink bum-cheeks against my belly. My balls squashed against her arse and I kneaded her flesh while my cock seemed to reach to the end of her cunt. Ruth was moaning: "Oh, my bottom, I love it, I love it." I loved it too, and shot another load of spunk, this time deep inside her pussy. I withdrew my spent cock, giving it another, final sticky squeeze between the cheeks of her beautiful bottom.

I'll never forget my night with Ruth – and the sight of bottoms like Natasha's in Club is a constant reminder. I'm just waiting for you to find one as perfect as Ruth's! – *Hal, Pendlebury*

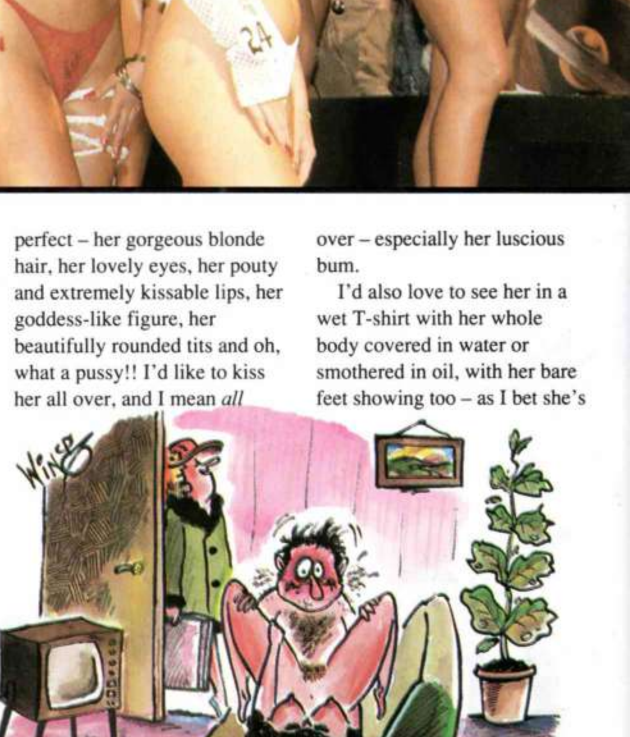
Join the Club!

Having tried many magazines but never finding one that fulfilled my expectations, I decided to give Club a try. However, not being very highly priced I suspected it might not be very good – but I gave it a try and was soon proved very wrong.

I have never been turned on so much by a magazine. All the girls in that edition (Vol 17 No 11) were as gorgeous as each other – especially Charlotte, what an angel! Where did you find that girl? You can tell her that I think she is the most beautifully delicious being I have ever set eyes on.

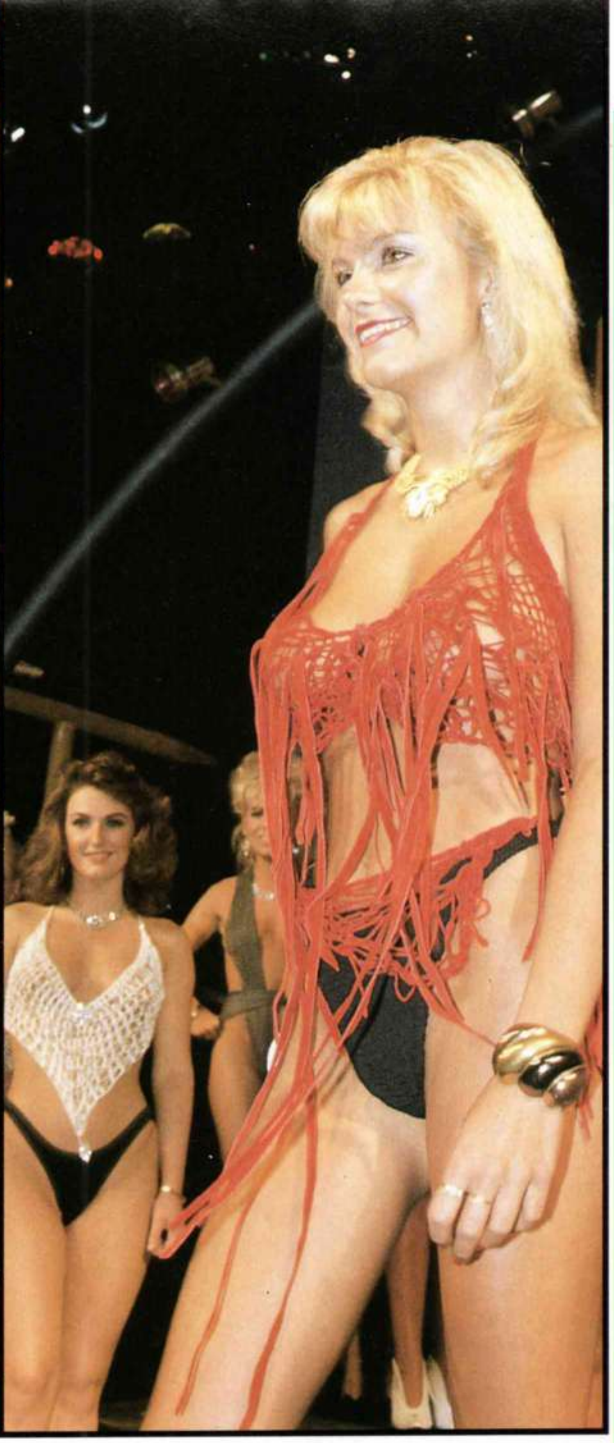
Everything about her is perfect – her gorgeous blonde hair, her lovely eyes, her pouty and extremely kissable lips, her goddess-like figure, her beautifully rounded tits and oh, what a pussy!! I'd like to kiss her all over, and I mean *all* over – especially her luscious bum.

I'd also love to see her in a wet T-shirt with her whole body covered in water or smothered in oil, with her bare feet showing too – as I bet she's



Surprise, surprise Norris – I've decided to give you another chance!

he lady wore red, as Derek gets to grips with winner Lee Scott.



got gorgeous feet as well.

But anyway, before I get carried away, let me congratulate you on producing a first class magazine with top quality girls, pictures, stories . . . everything. You have gained a new and well-pleased customer. Keep up the good work, don't let this praise go to your heads *too* much and please, please, please give us some more of Charlotte. – *CP, Surrey*

When the Ed finally lets her out of his office, we certainly will.

Hell for Heather

Some two years ago I saw my wife Heather having sex with a friend of ours named Alex; not only saw but also took an active role. The thought of this happening has turned me on for many years but to see it for real was the most exciting thing that has ever occurred. Since that first night we have continued our little sessions on a regular basis. I find it impossible to convey my full feelings but I hope this letter is of some interest.

Heather and I had been invited to a party being given by some friends of ours. The evening was going well when I became aware that Alex was doing his best to chat her up and from her reaction she seemed to be enjoying his

continued on page 24

LEWDO

ARE · YOU · SURE?

Now's the time you decide you're not going to do all the things you enjoyed too much in 1988. Yes, giving things up in the New Year is traditional in our repressed, anal, protestant, people-who-have-a-good-time-should-be-strung-up-by-their-willies society. But are you *really* going to be a good boy?

1 What did you decide to give up this year?
- a) Having sex
- b) Having kinky sex
- c) Not having sex
- d) Smoking, drinking, blue Smarties, takeaway curries, farting in bed, biting your toenails

2 What did you *really* give up this year?
- a) Having sex
- b) You managed to cut out the rubber masks
- c) Nothing
- d) Smoking, drinking, blue Smarties, takeaway curries, farting in bed, biting your toenails

3 You have given up sex for 1989. Andrea Clarke comes to your front door and asks you to shag her bandy. What do you do?
- a) Make a cup of tea
- b) Have a nervous breakdown
- c) Leap on her and do the business
- d) Smoke, drink, eat blue Smarties and a takeaway curry, fart in bed and offer to bite her toenails

4 You have given up ogling women, but in a fit of absent mindedness you buy the latest Club. What is your excuse?
- a) I thought it was *The People's Friend*
- b) I thought it was *Smash Hits*
- c) I fancied an ogle
- d) I thought it was *Drunk Smoker's Smart Curry Digest & Toenail Monthly*

5 You have decided to give up doing stupid quizzes. Why the hell are you doing this?
- a) My mum told me to
- b) My girlfriend told me to
- c) What's it to you, dickface?
- d) 'Cos it's about smoking, drinking, eating blue Smarties and curries, farting in bed and biting toenails

23
DICKY HOWETT

CONCLUSIONS

Mostly 'a's: You've given up everything you should. Gits like you make life difficult for the rest of us.
Mostly 'b's: You're not so hot on self-discipline but you sure know a limp excuse when you see one. And what's all this about rubber masks?
Mostly 'c's: Be honest. You didn't give anything up, did you, you bolshie bastard? Why shouldn't you suffer like us?
Mostly 'd's: Look carefully at your left hand. It's turned into a Smartie Vindaloo, hasn't it? Now there is a reason for this. It's because you're nutty as a fruitcake, matey.♣

WIN! 15 VIDEOS

PUN IN THE SUN

Oh, sod this. You know how these competitions go, so we'll cut it short. We've got five copies each of the Comic Strip's films *Strike*, *Funseekers* and *The Yob* to give away. To get them you'll have to write a brilliant caption to this picture from *Funseekers*: are they drilling for oil? Are they learning the breast stroke? It's up to you. Best 15 out of the Art Ed's jodhpurs win.

Send your caption to: Bonk! Comic Strip Comp, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. ♣

CAPTION — — — — — — — —

NAME — — — — — — — — —

ADDRESS — — — — — — — —

TAPED!

Bad boy ***Allan Bryce*** *turns over a new fig leaf for the New Year and plunges us into the depths of depravity once again. Thank God for that.*

Hello again folks, and welcome once more to the column that asks such penetrating questions as, "If rabbits' feet are so lucky, how come so many rabbits keep losing them?" If anyone out there knows the answer then please keep it to yourself, 'cos we're here to talk about mucky videos. And if they've got a few jokes in them, then all the better.

Now we here at Club like a laugh as much as the next man, particularly if it's the next man's round. And in fact we're particularly fond of the dead sophisticated type of humour that shows people drinking hundreds of pints of lager and then giving huge technicolour yawns over the next bloke's shoes – Ho! Ho! Ho! Funnily enough that's just the sort of

GOBBLE!

Och aye the nude! **Nathaniel Fatbastard**'s *heading north of the border for Hogmanay. Or in his case, Pigmanay.*

I had just finished reading a letter in the *Dear Cath* column of the *TV Tomes* on how to get skid marks out of a Persian rug when I noticed those wire-haired bastards, the Scots, are on telly again – so it must be New Year. Ah Hogmanay! Should auld acquaintance be forgot? Of course they bloody well should, especially if they live 600 miles from civilisation and only five from the Arctic Circle like the Scots do. But to prove I'm a dedicated columnist, this time last year I crossed the border of common sense to join the celebrations.

To fit in with the locals I'd bought a polyester kilt with a fur-trimmed leather sporran that bore a strong resemblance to a complete set of rhino's genitals. You could tell the customers were impressed when I strolled into *The Gob and Razor* (12, Multiple Stabbing Street, Glasgow).

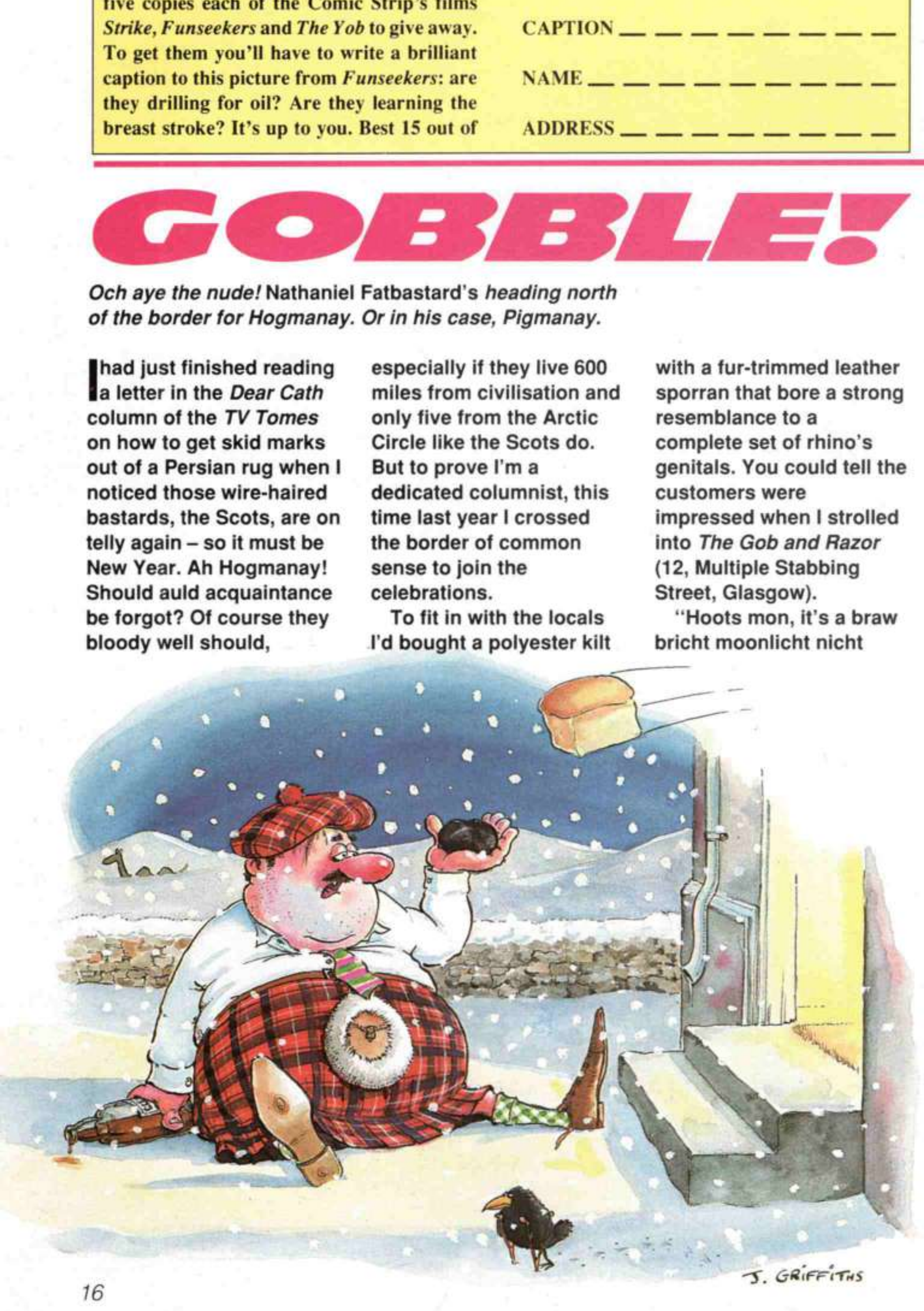
"Hoots mon, it's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht tonicht," I said cheerily, knowing how much it pleases the locals if you speak the language.

"Gan bile yer head, yer Sassanach shite," someone replied.

Now it's easy to be put off by Glaswegians' aggressive tones, but regular visitors from the South East know that this is just their way. To prove the point, later I took my pint of McSpewens Export (95p) and sat down next to a local man with so many tattoos his arms looked like the walls of a public kharsi. Within only a couple of minutes he'd happily treated me to a history of the tenements and Celtic Football Club, illustrated with his collection of blades and a fascinating selection of scar tissue. He even offered to demonstrate his adeptness with the flick-knife, and seemed quite upset when I turned it down. So much so that, rather than depress him further, I drove on north to my bed and breakfast in the quiet West Highland village of Dunwankin.

Mrs MacFilthy of the *No Hawkers or Circulars Guest House* (3, High Street, Dunwankin-on-the-Bog, Strewthshire) believes in simple homely fare. The cow doesn't cook for anyone after 5pm. So I had to wait for breakfast. It was as Scottish as a Rabbie Burns poem – long, dull and extremely tasteless. Several hundredweight of porridge with the texture of 24 boiled elephants' brains was followed by eggs, bacon, sausage, smokies, tatties, neeps, oatmeal, oatcakes and oatflakes sprinkled with oats. It contained so much roughage, I soon realised the brown stuff burning in the grate wasn't peat at all. Then after breakfast and a steaming adventure in the toilet rivalling any of Casey Jones', it was off to the Western Isles for Hogmanay.

I'd been invited to stay on the tiny island of Shytte in the Inner Hebrides. The rocky outcrop gets its name from its one-time role as a bird sanctuary, but now the new laird, an ex-solicitor from Surrey, has wiped out all the incontinent cormorants and built a hunting, shooting and drinking complex for sophisticates like myself. Designed to appeal to both the English and Americans, the *White Heather Locklear Hotel*



innocent japery awaiting you in **Funseekers**, a typically raucous *Comic Strip* production set on one of those dreadful Club 18-30 Spanish holidays where anything goes (except the toilets and that big bird from Skegness who used to kick start jumbo jets). The locals can only stare on in horror as this lively bunch of lager louts descend upon a small coastal resort near the Costa Packet and proceed to

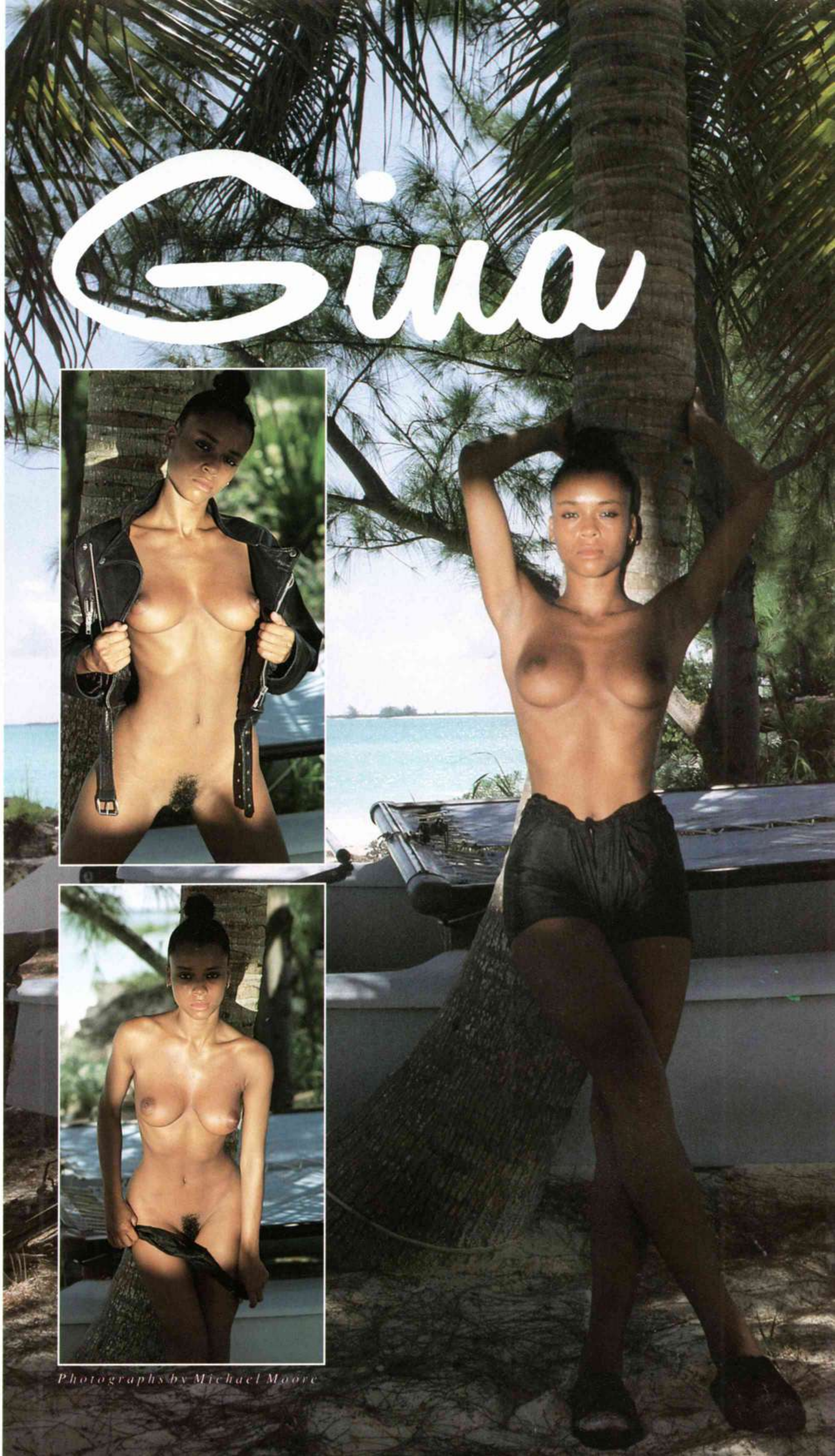
continued on page 24

The right stuff??

has 129 bedrooms and a superb bar decorated with trophies from shooting parties. Stags' heads, otters, and even a fine brace of grouse beater's buttocks loomed over us as we began to see the New Year in. After all the festivities, I was tempted to see it right out again.

And what better way to celebrate than with a bottle or five of the local malt whisky. Glen Dajackson (£10.99 a bottle) is a warm 18-year-old that goes down with an unforgettable smoothness. Don't you wish you knew 18-year-olds like that? It was so fine in fact, I couldn't resist swigging it straight from the decanter, though in an effort to show the uncivilised Celts some manners, I always remembered to pass it to the left. At 11.30, they piped in the haggis, and at 11.35, I found myself in the en suite piping it out again. Then at midnight, this twat gave me a lump of coal and threw me out, talking some crap about being a first footer. But I showed those Scottish bastards. The first house I came to, I took a cockaleekie through the cunt's letter-box!♣

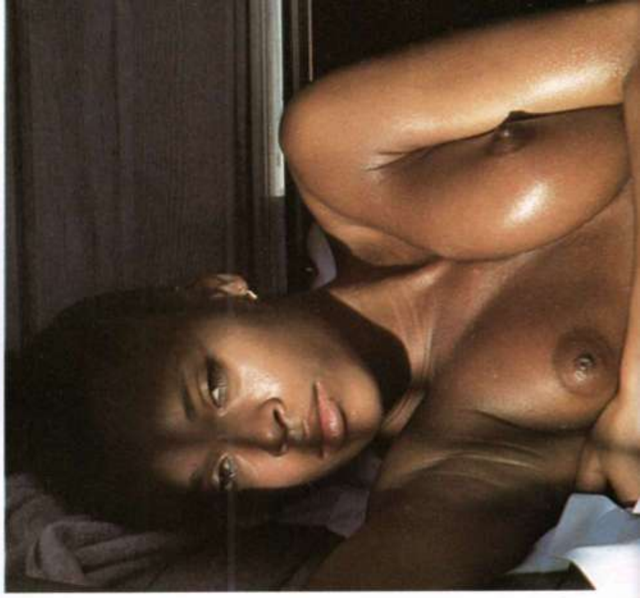
Gina



Photographs by Michael Moore

Gina's come a long way from her job as a beauty therapist in Islington – several thousand miles, in fact, to the West Indian island of St Lucia. "The furthest West I'd been

before this was Hammersmith,'' 19-year-old Gina told us. ''Until Club flew me out here, I hadn't been able to afford a proper holiday at all – and anyway, I was always too busy working. And my



mother's family came from here originally, so I was able to see where all my relatives used to live.

"Anyway ,where in Britain would I be able to whip my clothes off any time I fancy?" she grins. "Any excuse to get undressed is good enough for me!" ♣

TAPED!

continued from page 17

drink or screw everything in sight – not necessarily in that order. Yes, if you've ever spent the night decorating the inside of the white telephone it'll be a familiar story . . .

More *Comic Strip* lunacy can be found in **The Yob**, which is a loopy re-run of David Cronenberg's *The Fly*, telling what happens when a scientific experiment goes wrong, causing the atoms of an upwardly mobile Hooray Henry to be mixed up with those of a brain-dead soccer hooligan. The skin on the Yuppie yahoo's fingers peels back to reveal LOVE and HATE tattooed on the knuckles, and he starts head-butting people in the pub and going out with birds named Debs and Sharon. On the other hand, the formerly thuggish fellow startles his mates by turning up at work with a copy of *The Independent* and ordering a pint of Perrier at his local. Great fun, though it runs out of steam a bit at the end.

Thirdly we have **Strike**!, which is quite simply the best and funniest thing that the *Comic Strip* has ever produced. This little gem has Alexei Sayle as a poverty-stricken coal-worker who's delighted to discover that Hollywood wants to make a film of his book about the Miner's Strike. But once Al Pacino arrives on the scene to play Arthur Scargill, and Meryl Streep signs on for the role of Arthur's mistress, he's not so sure that the movie is going to be faithful to the truth! Most *Comic Strip* entries are fairly hit and miss, but this is on target all the way, particularly with its vitriolic caricatures of certain well-known industry figures (Peter Richardson's mumbling impersonation of Pacino is Oscar material in itself). It deservedly won the top prize at last year's Montreaux Comedy Festival, and we're giving you the chance to win a copy for yourself (along with *Funseekers* and *The Yob*) elsewhere in the mag. Are we good to you or what?

It's the Electric Blues

Save your hard-earned for **Electric Blue 28**, which contains more horn and trumpet than the entire brass section of the London Philharmonic. It's the usual mucky mixture of pulsating soft porn, the best of which is a hilarious mickey-take of *Candid Camera* style game shows entitled "Game For A Giggle". The format of this involves confronting a happily married, nerdish Mr Average with a selection of libidinous females who call round on the pretext of mending his plumbing or demonstrating sex aids, then rip his strides down and start polishing their tonsils on his one-eyed trouser snake. Just at that moment in comes the old lady and "Whoops! – sorry about the mess on the Axminster dear . . ."

And finally, what does Emmanuelle put behind her ears to attract her men? Why, her legs of course. **Emmanuelle 5** is the latest chapter in her outrageous soft porn exploits, and in this one the French-born but Californian-raised Monique Gabrielle takes over as the screen's most famous good-time-had-by-all – a girl who can suck an orange through a garden hose.

Monique's version of Erotic Em is a sex kitten actress who goes to Cannes to promote her new movie and promptly has her togs torn off by the souvenir-hunting opening night audience. (I remember the days when an autograph would do.) She streaks along the Croisette to seek consolation in the arms of her industrialist boyfriend, a man so rich that he probably keeps rolls of fivers in the bog! But our heroine isn't interested in money. "I want a man who can satisfy me sexually," she moans, which means about 20 times a night with heavy petting in between. Old Moneybags bottles out at this junction, leaving the field clear for a swarthy character named Rasid, an Arabian king who runs a stable of very attractive fillies and would like nothing better than to make Emmanuelle the front runner in his harem. I can't wait until she decides to sell *her* confessions to the tabloids . . .♣

***Funseekers*, *The Yob* and *Strike!* are available from Palace Video.**

***Electric Blue Number 28* is available from the Electric Blue Shop at 41 Paddington Street, London W1M 3RN.**

***Emmanuelle 5* is available from Vestron Video.**

Stone me, it's Andrea! What's she doing in EB *28?*

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 15

advances. Not that I could blame him as her rather short dress displayed her 38-30-35 figure at its best. At around 2.30am the party started to die so Heather and I were making a move to leave when Alex came up and offered us a lift home, which we accepted.

Back at home I asked Alex in for coffee and while sitting chatting his eyes did not fail to notice that Heather's dress was quite high and was therefore showing a lot of thigh. My heart was thumping; I wanted him to touch those thighs and take her (later I discovered we were all thinking the same thing but each were afraid to make the first move).

I went off to put the kettle on, making sure I left them alone for as long as possible. Going back in they were both as I left them but Heather had her arms behind her head, which made her 38 inch bust look even bigger. After a while I again left them together by making some pretext but rather than go away I left the door slightly open and stood outside. I could hear them talking and after a short while Alex said that if she kept sitting like that he would have to do something about it.

The next thing I knew he was kneeling on the floor next

Soap Star Top Ten

1. Sammy Rogers – Brookside
2. Sally Webster – Coronation Street
3. Charlene Mitchell – Neighbours
4. Diane – EastEnders
5. Tracey Corkhill – Brookside
6. Carol Mackay – Take The High Road
7. Jane Harris – Neighbours
8. Kathy Merrick – Emmerdale Farm
9. Jenny Bradley – Coronation Street
10. Sandie Merrick – Emmerdale Farm

Frank, Edinburgh

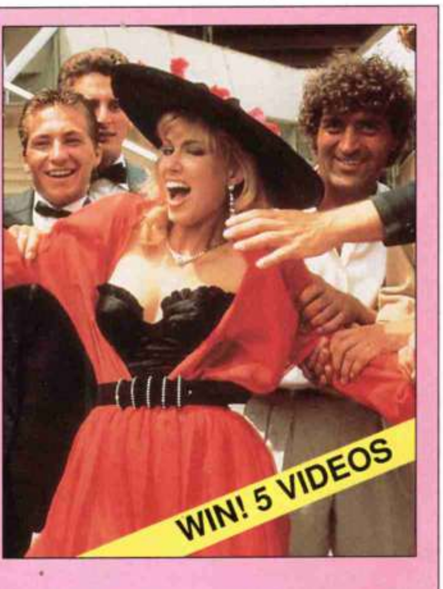
BUNCH OF FIVES

Cor blimey, this is quite a lark and no mistake! The highly erotic, totally revolutionary and rather marvellous *Emmanuelle* series has reached its fifth incarnation – and so, with our striking powers of logic, we've decided to give five tapes of it away! Clever, eh?

This pic here shows the latest *Emmanuelle* star Monique Gabrielle surrounded by masculine admirers who seem about to tear all her togs off. Emmanuelle herself doesn't seem too unhappy at the prospect, so we thought that we'd ask you what she does next. Does she vacuum some lucky chap's trousers? Does she tear off her own undies and rub custard into her cleavage? Or does she just go home and have a cup of cocoa?

If you can come up with the most ludicrous chain of events, you could be the lucky owner of a copy of *Emmanuelle 5* – and that'll give you an *extremely* happy New Year.

Send your entries to: Emmanuelle's Togs Comp, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The best five from the Ed's drinks cabinet have one on us.♣



WHAT HAPPENED NEXT __ __ __ __

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__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

NAME __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

ADDRESS __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __

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Dear Stefanie,

I waited a whole month for you after seeing you on the cover of Club, but now that I have seen Vol 17 No 10 my cock tells me it was well worth the wait. You sure do look really dirty; your expression alone is enough to make me come. I love your pale, unbronzed tits. It made me feel you had stripped off just for me and were offering yourself for my pleasure.

As I wanked my cock to boiling point over you, I was torn between imagining I was thrusting my swollen tool between the squidgy cleavage of your tits – which you are holding so provocatively, as if waiting for a shower of spunk – and imagining I was sliding the length of my dick into the hot, greedy opening of your cunt-hole.

I'd love to do both, though shagging on that hammock could be difficult! Still, a dirty girl like you would get her pussy filled in the end. Please let's see more of you, so that I can fantasize more about ramming your hot, wet Fotze with my rigid Schwanz (as they say in Germany!!). Auf Wiedersehen. – *Leo, Manchester*

***If you want to imagine screwing me in that hammock, Leo, why not just look at my picture here and see me spreading my legs just for you.* – Stefanie♣**

TOP TITS

The thing I like about this job is that I can go on about my favourite subject – tits. In fact I'm so in tune with titties that I have established a telekinetic rapport with them. I can, for example, make nipples stand on end just by thinking about it. I tried this experiment on a friend of mine and they didn't go down for a week. At the moment I'm working on getting a pair of bosoms to leap out of a T-shirt, dunk themselves in a jar of mayonnaise and then rub themselves all over my face. As soon as I've got that licked I'll let you know. – *Gary Garbonza*♣

to her chair and I could plainly see his hand going up her dress. Within a few minutes he had her dress off. Wanting to be part of the action I walked back into the room. Alex jumped up and sat back on the settee looking as if he expected me to thump him. So taking Heather's hand I asked her to stand up and then to sit on the settee between us.

There was my wife between us wearing a white half cup bra, stockings and suspenders, and a tiny pair of tight panties, and here was what I had only dreamed of, another man looking at this too. For a while we kissed her, held her, and without taking anything more off just ran our hands all over her body. Alex and I then stripped off completely and I could tell Heather was impressed with his thick cock. While I started to remove her bra, Alex's hand was between her thighs which parted to his touch. I continued to suck her tits while his fingers found their mark and slipped into her now dripping cunt; he then knelt on the floor and easing the panties off her legs, spread them wide open and buried his face into her cunt.

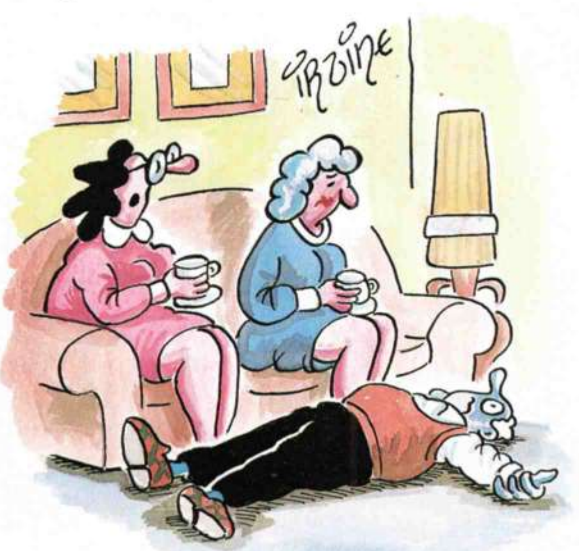
I couldn't believe it – here I was sucking my wife's tits while another man was licking her cunt. She groaned and moved about as he ate at her. Then coming up for air he started rubbing the head of his cock against her cunt lips, at last pushing it in to the hilt. He pumped away while she pushed up to meet his strokes till he came. As soon as Alex withdrew himself I jumped deep into her cunt which was dripping with his spunk. I licked at her and then told her to turn over as I was going to take her doggy fashion.

At this Alex sat back on the settee and, spreading his legs, offered Heather his prick. She started sucking at him straight away as I pushed up her cunt from behind and pumped for all I was worth until I was coming with more force than ever before. Even after I had finished Heather continued to suck on Alex until she brought him off in her mouth. We were all so worked up that we continued for quite some time.

By the end Alex and I had taken Heather three times each. We were all soaked in sweat and come. Heather's legs and tummy were just covered in a mixture of spunk and her own juices.

Since that first night Alex comes round a couple of times a week for more of the same. Sometimes Heather will meet him at the door wearing very little or whatever the fancy takes her. Often the three of us go out for a drink first and one such time Heather teased us by wearing a tight dress with nothing underneath it at all. From time to time I cannot be at home when Alex comes so they have a session alone. On one such night I got home to find her giving him a little show by bringing herself off with a vibrator.

Even after two years the thrill we all get has not decreased in any way and to watch Alex's prick pumping away in my wife's cunt just about blows my mind. It's knowing and seeing my wife *enjoy* such sessions that's the real turn-on. – *Douglas, Guildford*



Sidney's always been thoughtful – tell him to drop dead and he does, bless him!

Lapping It Up

My story starts when I was giving my girlfriend, Jane, a damned good screwing. There I was pumping her beautiful body (34-24-34) when she

IN·THE·BAG

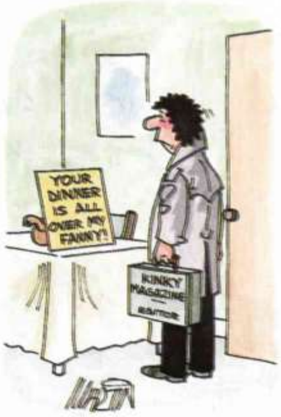
cried out a girl's name. "Oh, Debbie!" she said. I stopped dead. "What did you say then?" I asked. "Oh nothing." "Come on, you said Debbie, who the hell's she?" Jane blushed. "OK, I'll tell you but don't be mad at me. I've been having a lesbian affair for the last few months. Just about every day when you go to work she comes round." "Who is she then?" I asked.

"I met her a couple of years ago but nothing happened until the other month. I saw her in town while I was shopping and we got talking. I hadn't seen her for ages so I invited her back to the flat. To be honest I knew she was a lesbian and I wanted to try it out. It was me who made the first move when we got back." I said, "How do you fancy making it with her and me together?" Jane said, "She won't, I've already asked her. But if you want I'll let you spy on us as long as you don't let her know."

I thought this was a chance not to be missed. So I planned a day off work and waited in the spare room. Every time I heard the click of a woman's shoes I rushed to the window to peer through the net curtains looking for this dyke. After about a dozen false alarms I jumped up to see this gorgeous bird walk down the path. She was dressed in a white blouse and tight jeans that she must have sprayed on. I heard Jane greet her and invite her in, then after about ten minutes I heard giggles and the girls came upstairs.

They both went straight to our bedroom. This was it. I crept out of the spare room and headed towards the room where the girls were. The door was left slightly open as planned. I looked through the gap and could see them both engaged in a passionate kiss. Then they stood apart from each other and started to undress.

I didn't watch Jane; I was too interested in watching gorgeous Debbie. First she peeled off her jeans, revealing she had skimpy white panties on. Then she started to undo her blouse. She wasn't wearing a bra and two big tits bounced out, with huge, brown saucer-like nipples. I glanced at the bed. Jane was already naked, lying down rubbing her pussy gently. Debbie pulled off her knickers to reveal a beautiful pussy which had been shaved at the sides to leave a nice neat


YOUR DINNER IS ALL OVER MY FANNY!!
KINKY MAGAZINE EDITOR

Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

This issue, the girl with the academic aptitude of a vacuum cleaner tells us why drugs really get up her nose (but not literally).

Scandalous, innit? You can't go out for a hamburger these days without some spotty bastard asking you if you "want a bag of heroin with your French fries". I blame Ben Johnson myself. If it wasn't for him no one would have ever heard of drugs. Why can't people just do things off their own backs (as I seem to spend most of my time doing), without resorting to extra stimulation? I mean, those anna bollock steroids really bugger up your system.

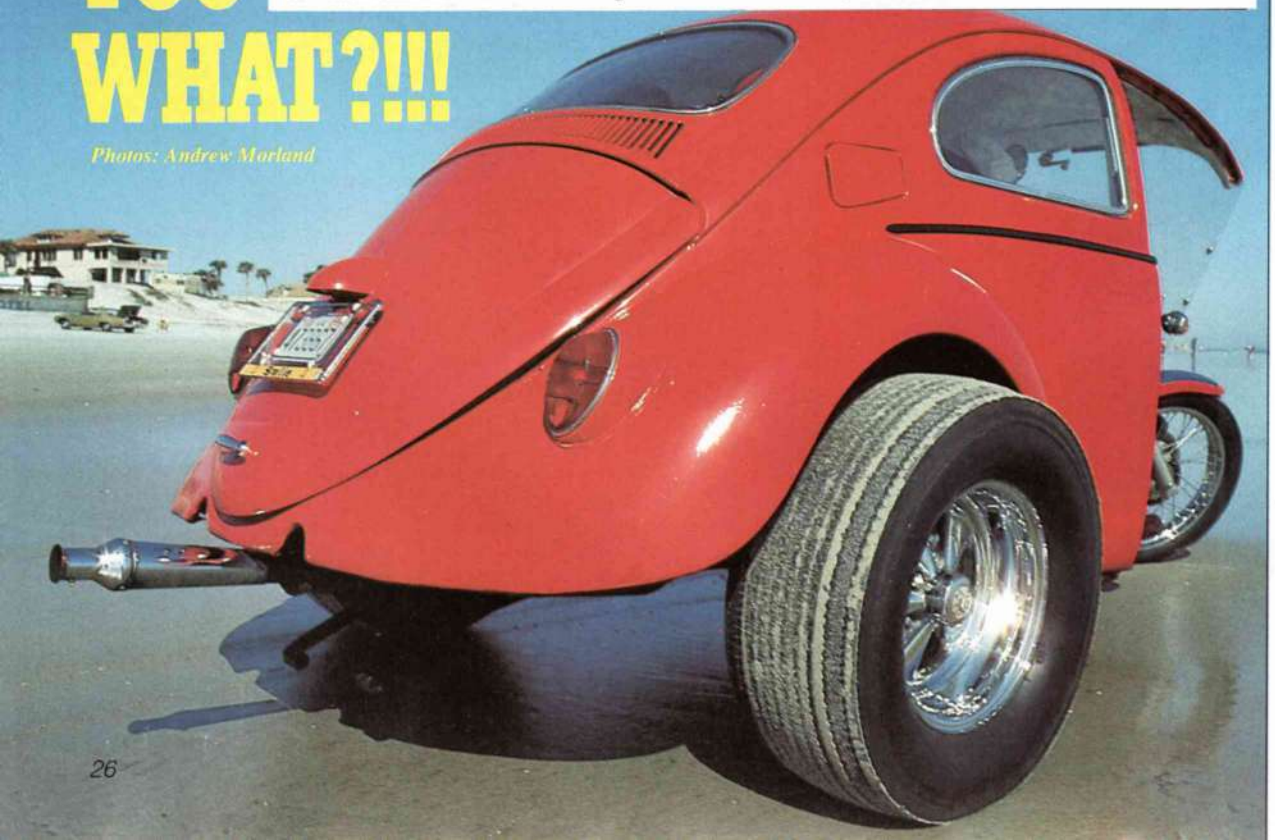
Instead of smoking pot at parties, try blowing up two dozen balloons in

YOU WHAT?!!!

Photos: Andrew Morland

No, this Beetle hasn't been through a very clean-cut car smash. It's *supposed* to look like that – honest.

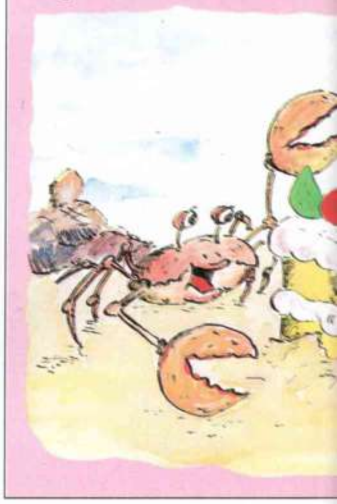
In fact, the thing is a tricycle, spotted at the annual bike meet in Daytona, Florida. It was on display at the Rat Hole beach cruise one sunny Saturday morning. We understand some of the original VW chassis was incorporated into the customising job, and the bodyshell was simply chopped from an old model and welded on – back seats and all. Who's driving around in the front half, we wonder?♣

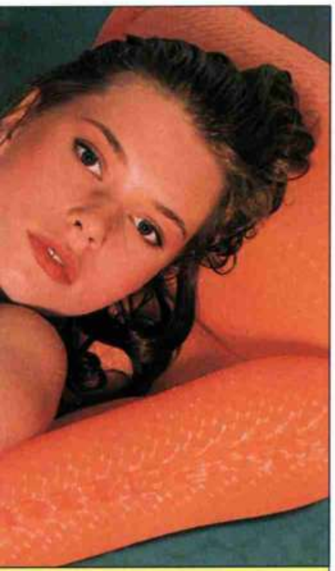


BIG BAD JOKE

On the beach, Crab and Lugworm were walking along, complaining about how hungry they were.

Suddenly before their eyes they saw a huge cream cake sitting mouthwateringly on the sand. They immediately decided to do the decent thing and eat half each.





rapid succession – it sends your head just as spazzy and the police can't touch you for it. Drugs are for junkies, chemists and people who aren't feeling themselves. Me? I'm always feeling myself.♣

strip up the middle. She fell down on the bed and started to kiss and stroke Jane. Jane lay back as Debbie kissed down her body, making her nipples stand out long and hard. She seemed to be getting the licking of her life by the way she was reacting. Then she screamed: "I'm coming, I'm coming!" She bucked her hips really fast. I'd never made her come like that.

Now it was Debbie's turn, so she sat up straight on top of Jane's face. I could see her tongue licking Debbie's cunt. Debbie was rubbing her own tits, her saucer-like nipples shrivelled like two little acorns. She started to pull and tweak them which made her move her hips really fast, then she shouted out, "Oh, I love my pussy licked, make me come!"

I couldn't resist any more and whipped out my cock and wanked for all I was worth. I think I came in about ten seconds.

I have often watched them make love and masturbated since then. You're probably wondering why I don't just walk in. Well, if I did, Debbie would probably never come round again and that's something I don't want to risk. My sex life with Jane has been fantastic ever since, although I can't make her come the way Debbie does. – *G McP, Doncaster*

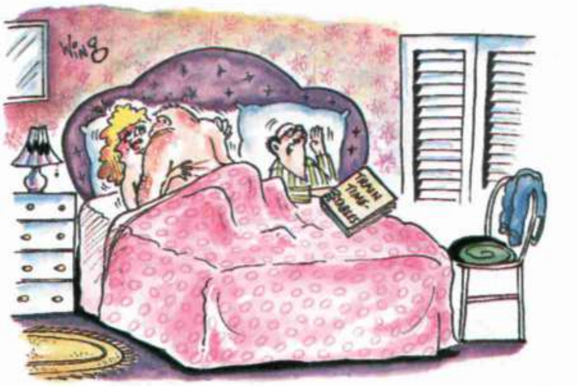
Foot in Mouth

I buy your excellent magazine every month. Your models are of a very high standard in looks and tasteful poses. However, one thing I have to write to you about is my one particular fetish, and that is women's feet.

Most of your models wear beautiful stockings and stilettos which I love very much to see, but there is a lack of beautiful, manicured, stockinged feet on show, which for me is a massive turn-on.

I love to see women in black stockings and black high-heeled shoes and I fantasize about removing the shoes and covering their beautiful,

continued on page 98



Listen dear – there's that funny noise again!

But before dividing the cake, Lugworm said, "I'll have to go and wash my hands – they're filthy." So off he trotted to a rockpool round the corner, leaving Crab to guard the cake.

Fifteen minutes later, Lugworm had not returned. Crab's mouth was watering as he sat staring at the cake.

Thirty minutes later he was getting desperate.

Forty-five minutes had passed, and Crab decided to eat his half of the cake, leaving Lugworm's share in front of him. As he licked his lips he looked at the remaining cake longingly.

"I think Lugworm's buggered off," he thought. "Sod it, I'm going to eat his bit."

Just as he'd finished it, Lugworm returned. He looked ravenous.

"Where's my piece of cake?" he demanded.

"I'm so sorry," grovelled Crab. "I thought you weren't coming back. I ate the whole cake."

"You ate my piece too?" yelled Lugworm. "You shellfish bastard!"

And Steve of Lewisham is the bloke who supplied us with that little gem, undoubtedly the worst joke we've ever heard.♣

MOTORVATION

*It's official – **John Masham** is hanging up his string-backed gloves! The Editor declares a day of public rejoicing.*

Masham's Christmas was a profound disappointment. I didn't expect any better, though. I haven't had a present I liked since the Meccano set in 1967, and that was only good because I built a miniature crane which, used from under the sofa, could lift up my cousin's skirt.

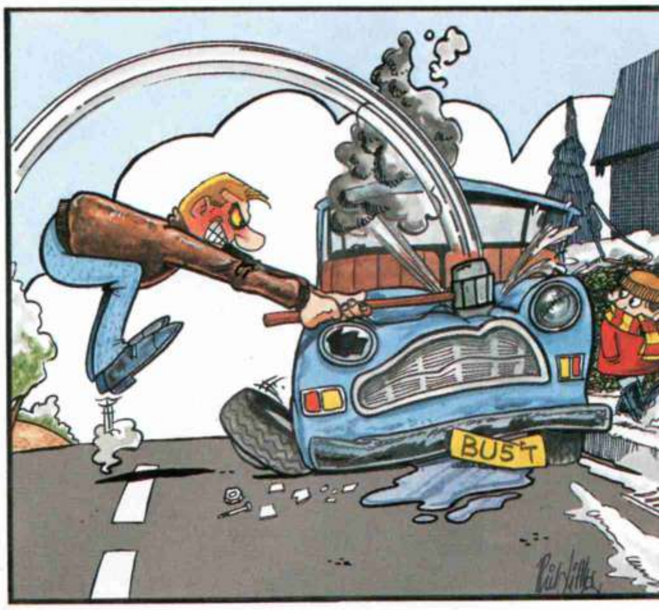
Anyway, the problem this year was that, despite many heavy hints in last month's festive issue, 680 snorting horses' worth of Peugeot Oxia failed to find their way out of Santa's grotto and into my stocking. Maybe Santa couldn't fit them down the chimney, or perhaps he just hasn't got his claus round a copy of Club yet. Whatever, I'm pretty miffed about it. So much so, in fact, that I'm hanging up the old string-backed gloves and picking up a bus pass. I've had it with cars. *(A nation mourns. – Ed.)*

But it wasn't just Christmas – the whole year wasn't that hot. Let's face it, what exactly did 1988 have to offer the motoring enthusiast? We won Le Mans of course, but then is that really such a great achievement when you consider that the opposition was nothing more than a bunch of foreign johnnies? Frankly, I'm surprised it took us as long as it did. (24 hours, I ask you!)

What else happened? Oh yes, Ferrari's F40. After all the fuss and fireworks had died down this was revealed as little more than a big fraud. BBC's *Top Gear* liked it, which is worrying for a start, but the main problem is its lack of power. What use, after all, is a 201.3 mph car when you're tootling down the M4 and you get taken by some charlie pulling 200? Answer: bugger all. You'll never catch him: put your foot down and there's nothing left. *(We are in a bad mood, aren't we? – Ed.)*

So much for Italians. Just how they can get away with charging £½m for a secondhand one I'll never know – bloody thing doesn't even have a decent drinks cabinet. Jaguar's new £330,000 XJ220 isn't much better; it will apparently do 220 mph, but won't do it until mid 1990. By my calculations that means it won't do 60 before the summer. Nought to 60 in six months: not much use if I want to overtake someone today.

So from now on unless something drives me to drink, I'm not going to touch it. However, this does not mean Club readers have seen the last of Masham's musings. I see many things in the state of the world today which require a bit of corrective comment from myself, and so I've told the Editor that I'll be casting my net a bit more widely in future. He told me, "For God's sake stick to motors, John. For one thing it's the only subject you know anything about, and for another if you don't we'll have to change the headline." He's a lazy bugger, and I propose to ignore him completely. To put it succinctly – sod cars. Next month I shall turn to more important topics. Until then – don't drive carefully.♣



ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT, MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

When I was a girl I always wanted to be a nurse. All girls do, don't they? So when the Ed told me that one of the most popular requests ever was for me to dress up in a nurse's uniform, I knew that I just couldn't resist.

There's something about me in uniform that seems to be sending most of you wild. And I can't say I blame you! I was feeling especially randy when I pulled on my uniform over my sheer black stockings. And luckily enough, the outfit was just that little bit tight, which is the way I like to wear my clothes – so my boobs were just aching and straining to get out of that dress. Which meant I just *had* to fondle them afterwards.

That's just what Tim of Herts wants to see me doing, and he's not the only one. But I picked out Tim's letter in particular because he seems to know a good deal about nurses. He wrote to me: "There's just one uniform I'd like to see your delectable body dressed in, Andrea, and that's a nurse's outfit. Recently I spent a long time in hospital, and the sight of all those gorgeous young nurses on my ward used to send me into a frenzy every day. I'd go wild after seeing them all bending over in those blue dresses, revealing just enough of their legs to let me know just what I was missing. I used to fantasize that one of them would catch me wanking and give me some treatment I'd *never* forget. That never happened – but I know that it could with you, Andrea."

It certainly could, Tim – and all you others out there with the same fantasy. You could say it's just what the doctor ordered!♣

Photographs by Joanie Allum

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letters to ANDREA

Dear Andrea,

Let's start with the truth. I'd give my left arm to be able to fuck you.

That's the truth over with, now let's get on with the fantasy. I often imagine going for a job interview and finding that you are the person who is doing the interviewing.

We chat for about 20 minutes, then you tell me I've got the job, but on one condition. This is where the fun begins. You move around to the front of the desk, sit on it and spread those amazing legs of yours, showing off your black knickers. You then place both of your hands behind my head until you are rubbing my face into your sweet, hot pussy. I then start to kiss and poke my tongue through those black silky knickers of yours.

This starts to get too much for both of us, so we strip off and adopt the 69 position, with you on top. The sight of that luscious cunt of yours hanging just above my mouth is too much for me. I place my hands

on the cheeks of your arse, and then run my long tongue between your cunt lips, savouring the sweet taste of your juices. You give out a gentle moan, stop sucking my cock and just settle on my face. I can now get my tongue right up inside you and search out your clitty, which I tease with my tongue. You are now grinding your lips around my face, then you come all over my face and I love it.

You decide to return the favour so you sit me in a chair, and give me the best blow-job of my life until I come in your mouth; you swallow every drop and lick my cock squeaky clean.

This is my fantasy about you, Andrea. Even if you don't print this letter I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. – *Simon, Barry*

P.S. Andrea, you have beautiful eyes.

You'd definitely get the job if I was interviewing you, but only if you had sex once a day written into your contract!

Dear Andrea,

My fantasy is to see you posing in a pair of knickers two sizes too small. That's all really, but that's enough!

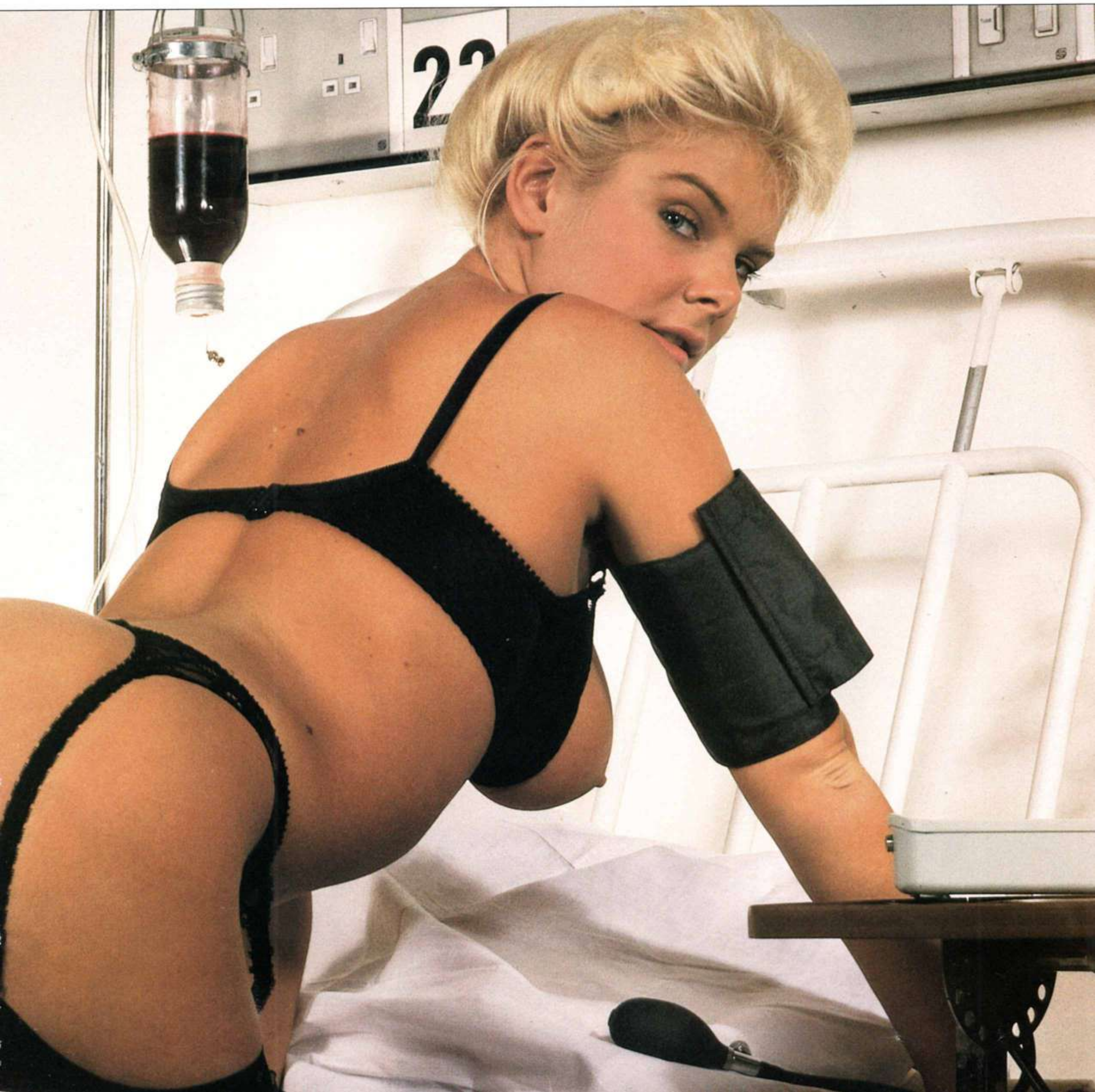
Let me tell you how this little obsession of mine began. My girlfriend, Sue, bought some new knickers and by mistake got the wrong size. As she had opened the packet, and myself being a randy sod anyway, I said: "Why don't you try them on just to see what they look like?" Well, when she had them on I can tell you my poker just shot up. They were so tight and small they enhanced every line of her cunt, and you could see her fur sticking out of the sides and the top.

You can guess how it all ended, can't you? She said, "I'll frig myself if you watch me and I'll tell you when I'm going to come." So there she was standing by the bed, her bottom thrust out, her eyes screwed tight, and her hand going like mad over these tight little knickers. "I'm going to come," she managed to splutter.

Too small knickers now play an integral part in our sex life, and that, Andrea, is how I would like to see you. I don't know if you ever rub yourself off for your boyfriend, and I don't suppose you would be allowed to do it in the pages of Club, but when you are posing in your tight little knickers just think dirty thoughts anyway. – *Jeremy, Colchester*

I really love the feeling of wearing any clothes that are too tight – because it gives me a great excuse to get them off really quickly! But knickers are my favourite, because of the way they mould to my pussy. It gets me really excited . . .♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!



Club Girl of the Year

Number One in your Hearts!

JULIA PARTON

1 JULIA, 21, as she appeared on the cover of Volume 17 Number 4. She's Club's first ever Girl of the Year!

Shock! Horror! Terror! Do you lot just enjoy giving us trouble or what?

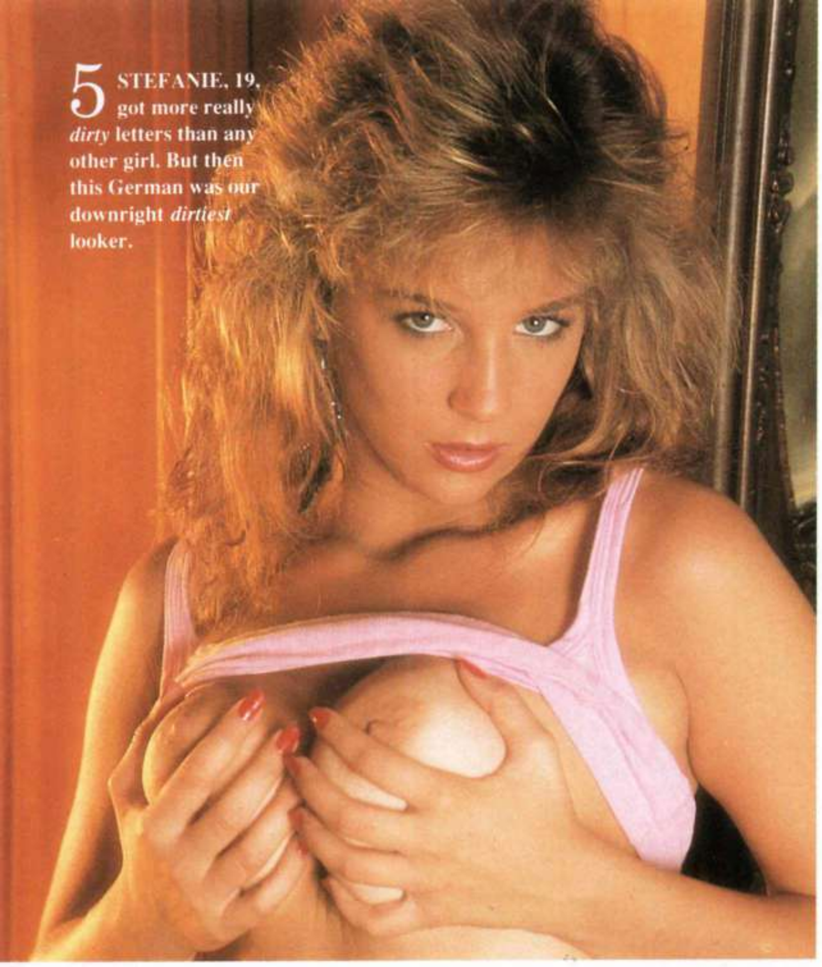
Just when we thought we knew who you'd choose as Club's Girl of 1988 you turned around and surprised us, causing heart failure and desperate transatlantic phone calls at the Club HQ. Over 10,000 Club readers voted for their favourites, and by a majority of just 176 you went for American Julia Parton, our covergirl and centrefold from way back in Volume 17 Number 4.

All well and good, you may think. But while we had half a dozen girls lined up outside Rupert Daines's studio, ready and willing to do a special photoshoot should they be chosen, Julia wasn't one of them. No, she was sunning herself "somewhere in Los Angeles". And we didn't know where!

After some frantic research, we found your favourite lady and told her the good news. And, to put it bluntly, she was gobsmacked. "That's incredible! Club's the only men's magazine in the UK I've ever wanted to appear in, and it was amazing to me that I made the centrefold – I just never saw myself as *that* pretty. But to be voted your Girl of the Year, after just one appearance so long ago, well that's just amazing! I'm so flattered I don't know what I can say!"

Good thing too, 'cos we had to load Daines on to the flight to LA double quick. You can see what he came back with on page 40: the old bastard did rather a good job, as it happens. We hope you enjoy your second dose of Julia Parton – and we'll make sure she puts in a few more appearances in '89!

2 ANDREA, just 20, has been your firm favourite throughout the year. Her regular *Ask Andrea* column and photospread has been so successful, she now gets more post than the rest of us put together! Andrea just missed the top slot by 176 votes.



5 STEFANIE, 19, got more really *dirty* letters than any other girl. But then this German was our downright *dirtiest* looker.

4 CHARLOTTE, 19, won a lot of fans with her pubic hairdo – a mohican. "I hope the readers voted for me, not just my pubes!" she told us.

3 We knew JANETTE, 21, was another readers' favourite. As she told us in Vol 17 No 8, "I'm just an insatiable maneater." It shows.

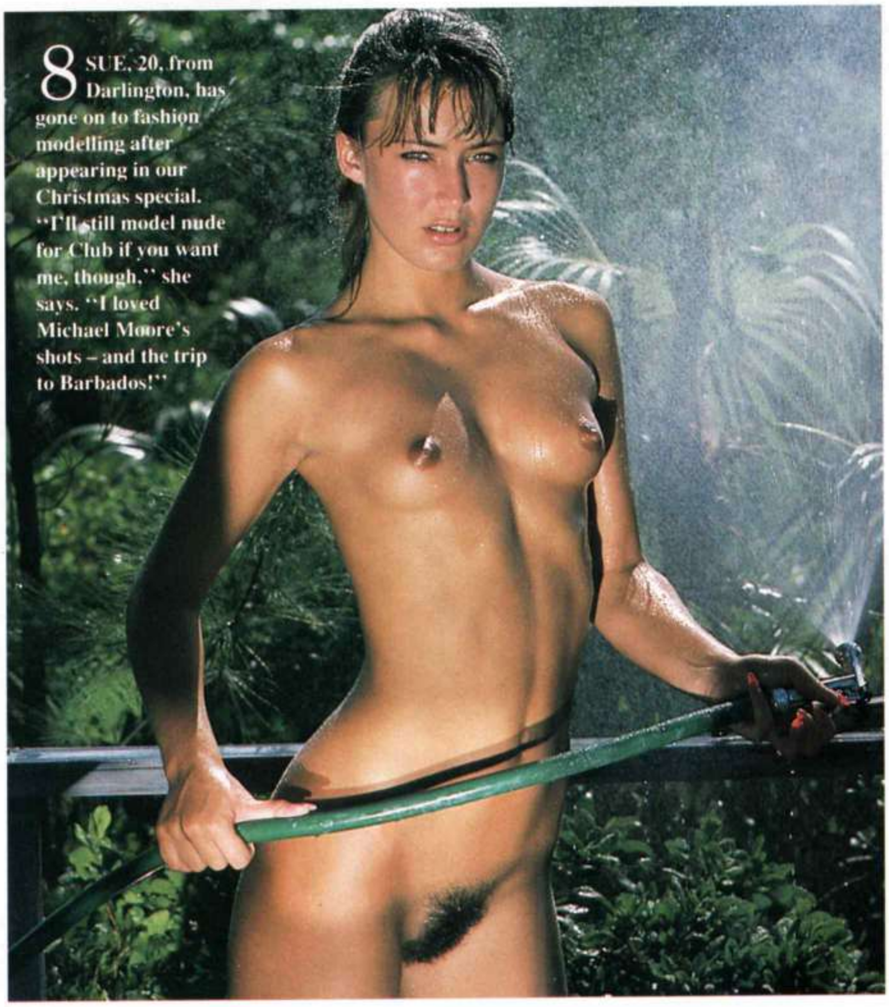
Club Girl of the Year

It was a close run thing for Julia Parton. At first it looked as though Andrea Clarke – the clear favourite in our office sweepstake – was storming away with the poll. To our shame, we didn't reckon Julia as anything but a rank outsider – but as the days went by it was Julia, the dark horse from the States, who gave us the shock of our lives!

Although we had plenty of other stunning girls last year, they were a long way behind the two leaders. Janette, the lady with the Latin looks and boobs to break the bank, coasted in third, a few votes clear of Charlotte from Volume 17 Number 7. The ever-popular Stacy Winfield finished a very respectable sixth, November, covergirl and centrefold Camille landed ninth, and the girl with the Ed's bum of the year, Dee, clinched tenth.

The rest of our girls shouldn't worry, though: just about everyone from '88 got a vote or two, and many got some pretty steamy letters as well – all of which we'll pass on.

6 **Manchester girl STACY, 20, has appeared three times this year, partly because the Art Director is *crazy* about her.**



8 **SUE, 20, from Darlington, has gone on to fashion modelling after appearing in our Christmas special. "I'll still model nude for Club if you want me, though," she says. "I loved Michael Moore's shots – and the trip to Barbados!"**

7 **DEBBIE, 18, from Ascot, is one of those seriously randy girls who looks as sweet and innocent as they come. "Are you going to put in more pictures of me?" she asked when we told her she'd come seventh. "I wanked myself senseless over the last lot!" Enough said . . .**

9 The first thing you notice about CAMILLE, 21, is her HUGE chest. It's 38in, actually. And she *is* from Bristol, honest.

10 DEE, 18, is the Editor's favourite girl of '88. So thank God you've chosen her, too, or he'd have sulked all this year.

THE FINAL COUNT

1. Julia	Volume 17 Number 4
2. Andrea	Volume 17 Number 4-13
3. Janette	Volume 17 Number 8
4. Charlotte	Volume 17 Number 7
5. Stefanie	Volume 17 Number 10
6. Stacy	Volume 17 Number 5, 8, 12
7. Debbie	Volume 17 Number 3
8. Sue	Volume 17 Number 13
9. Camille	Volume 17 Number 12
10. Dee	Volume 17 Number 4

Club Girl of the Year

JULIA

Photographs by Rupert Daines

When we first featured Julia earlier this year, it was her connection with singing cousin Dolly Parton which really caught our eye. This time, though, she's appearing strictly on her own merits: as the most beautiful girl Club featured in 1988 – and that's official. ''The nicest thing about this business is knowing that some guy out there fancies you – even if it's only the Editor!'' Julia told us. ''I'm an exhibitionist, and I think if they're honest every girl who does nude modelling is the same. So showing off your body, knowing it's appreciated, is a buzz, it's a turn-on. So you can just imagine the effect of knowing that more guys fancy *me* than any other girl in the magazine over a whole year! That's hundreds of girls, and

they think I'm the horniest! I just *love* that!''

Like the pools winners say, though, success ain't gonna change Julia's life. ''I'm only 21, and I'm still having lots of fun modelling in LA. I can't wait to get to the UK, I've heard so much about it and I'd love to meet some of my fans, but I think I'll stay an all-American girl at heart. But I suppose

when I get over there to do some more work for Club you English guys might be able to change my mind?''

I think you can safely say we'll make a BIG effort.♣

tania

Photographs by Rupert Daines

As bubbly blondes go, 19-year-old Tania Brooke has to be one of the most effervescent in the business. She's enthusiastic about

absolutely everything and simply can't stop talking. Her constant verbal barrage has earned her the nickname of Babbling Brooke in her home town of Solihull – she even talks in her sleep, ferchrissakes. ''The only time I ever shut up is when I've got something in my mouth,'' she informs us. Now let's form an orderly queue, boys . . . ♣

TANIA
club

The sun's rising-and that's not the only thing. Yes folks, it's milking time down on the...

STUD FARM

The Archers this ain't

FICTION

BY

DAVID ALEXANDER

The billy barn was dark in the first light of early morning. Lucy yawned as she trudged inside, carrying the empty pail. Her morning's chores included feeding and milking the billies. Then she would be free for the rest of the day.

The billies were in their stalls. All of them were asleep – except for the new billy, that was. He was wide awake and pacing the stall. But that was to be expected; the new ones were always pretty nervous at first.

Lucy hung a feed bag on each billy's stall, then went back to the first stall to begin her morning milking chores. The first billy on the line had already finished his feed and was ready to be milked.

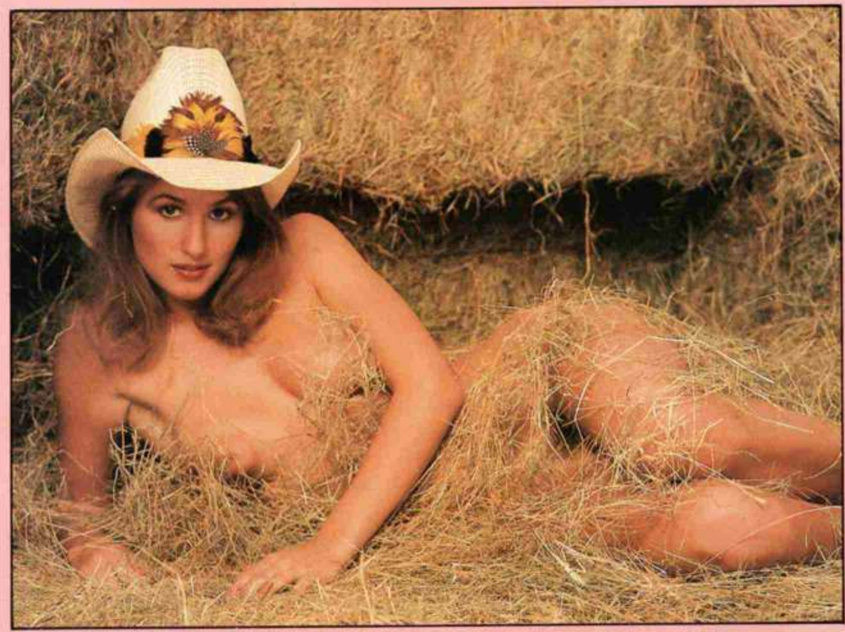
Maggie and Sarah, who owned the farm Lucy worked on, had caught the first billy a few years before. He was the oldest billy they had and he was one of the smartest too. He knew exactly what was expected of him.

"That's a good boy," Lucy said, sitting down on her milking stool at the billy's feet and grasping the billy's hard cock in her soft hand. The cock was thick and a drop of sperm gleamed on the slit in its head. The balls were large and filled to the brim. Lucy knew that this particular billy was an excellent milker.

There would be a lot of cream from his long, throbbing dick. Before long, she knew the bucket would be filled with the billy's freshly squirted, pungently fragrant come.

Sometimes the billies shot their cream as soon as their cocks were touched. At other times Lucy had to use her mouth to get the cream to squirt out. Whatever it took to get the cocks to give come, though, Lucy enjoyed feeling them get hard and watching them suddenly explode into the milk pail.

This billy's cock was so swollen, though, that Lucy only had to stroke its bulbous head and thickly-veined shaft a few times before it came three long, hot strings of milky sperm fluid into Lucy's pail, throwing its head back and groaning.



Whatever it took to get the cocks to give come, Lucy enjoyed feeling them get hard and watching them suddenly explode

Lucy patted the billy on the head as, fed and sexually satisfied, he went back to sleep in a corner of his stall. Then she went on down the line milking the rest of the billies in the barn.

They all lined up with their peckers at the ready. Each and every one a first-rate milker.

Lucy finally got to the last and newest billy in the barn. Unlike the others, this billy's cock wasn't erect, nor was he standing with his stiff phallus clutched expectantly in his fist, ready for Lucy's morning milking.

Instead, he was pacing back and forth across the stall, and if not for the chain he was shackled to, anchored securely by an iron spike driven deep into the barn's concrete foundations, the billy would have tried to run away.

"Easy, boy," Lucy said as she approached the frightened billy, setting her milking stool down in front of him and reaching out to grasp his long, if flaccid, cock.

Sometimes if you spoke soothing words to them they calmed down; even if they couldn't understand what you said, they were able to pick up on the tone.

"Give it here," she purred. "Let Lucy suck your pretty cock, little billy." But as Lucy reached out to the billy, he drew away. Lucy noticed incidentally that he hadn't even touched his feed. The bag was as full as when she had hung it on his stall more than a half hour before.

"What the hell is happening here?" the billy suddenly cried out. "This has got to be a nightmare! Oh God, I wish I could wake up!"

Lucy recoiled in abject horror, putting her palms to her face.

The billy had spoken!

It was impossible. The billies were just dumb animals. She couldn't have heard this billy speak. She must be going insane. Her eyes went wild with horror. She was losing her mind. That was the only possible explanation.

"Call the cops!" the frantic billy said again. "My name is Ray Jackson. I can pay you. Whatever you want, just name your price, only get me the hell out of this nightmare!"

Lucy dropped her milking stool. She knew she was going insane.

She had heard the billy talk again.

Talk in human language.

Lucy ran out of the barn and into the kitchen where Maggie and Sarah were sitting in well-worn dungarees drinking hot black coffee out of white porcelain mugs.

"What the hell are you doing here, girl?" Maggie asked, setting down her cup and glancing with one eye at the big kitchen clock above the sink. "Don't tell me you've finished your jobs already?"

"And where's your milking stool, child?" Sarah put in. "You look like you've just seen a ghost."

Lucy opened her mouth to tell Maggie and Sarah about the talking billy but caught herself before the words came out of her mouth. If Maggie and Sarah heard about the billy they'd send her away! Lucy realized she had to act as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened in the barn.

"It's nothing," Lucy answered. "Just feeling a bit dizzy, that's all."

Maggie and Sarah exchanged knowing glances. "It's that time of month again, honey, isn't it," Maggie said. "Well, you just take the rest of the morning off. You've done enough for one day."

Lucy nodded and ran up to her room. She lay on her bed trying to figure out whether she had been hallucinating or whether she had really heard the billy speak to her. After a while she fell into a deep sleep where Lucy dreamed that the billy was fucking her, his soft cock now a raging hard-on that was thrusting in and out of her pussy while she squatted on all fours in front of his stall and giving her orgasm after bone-shivering orgasm.

She woke up with a start.

It was already dark. Out the window was a full moon, low over the mountains which surrounded the farm. Reaching out in the blackness of her room, Lucy pulled the alarm clock nearer. Its luminous dial showed that she had slept all through the day.

Now it was dark all over the house too. Lucy went downstairs and switched on the kitchen light. On the kitchen table there was a note from Maggie. She and Sarah had gone into town to the pictures.

Lucy knew what she had to do. She had to find out if the billy had really spoken to her that morning. Grabbing a torch, she started from the kitchen door, then a thought struck her and she went back into the kitchen and took down one of the keys that hung from the hooks on the side of the cupboard.

In the stud barn, the billies were asleep. She half expected to find the new billy curled up into a ball like the others.

But he wasn't. He was sitting bolt upright, staring into the flashlight beam Lucy held with wide, terrified eyes.

"You came back!" he screamed.

Lucy's heart pounded in her ears. This time she knew it was for real. She hadn't been hallucinating before. The billy had really spoken to her.

"How can you do that?" she asked.

"Do what?" asked the billy. "What the hell do you mean?"

"Speak."

A strange look came over the billy's face, as if he had just figured something out.

"That's it!" he said. "The feed. They've got some kind of drug in it. Like the voodoo priests in Haiti. Turns you into some kind of fucking zombie."

The billy stood up and leaned over the front of his stall.

"You've got to get me out of here," he pleaded with Lucy. "There's got to be some law in this place. We can't be far from the state line."

Lucy still stared at the billy, uncomprehending.

"Listen," the billy continued. "I sell farm supplies in Oklahoma City. I drove into town two days ago and when I got here they put something in my coffee. Next thing I knew I woke up in here.''

The billy paused and looked at Lucy. ''Does any of this register?'' he asked. ''Am I making myself clear?''

Lucy shook her head. None of what the billy told her made any sense.

''Look, just let me out, that's all that's important now,'' the billy said finally. ''Can you unshackle me?'' He pointed to the chain around his foot which was anchored to the ground.

Lucy thought harder and faster than she'd ever done in her life. She had brought the key. Why, she didn't know. But she knew what she had to do now. Lucy bent down and unlocked the billy.

''Clothes,'' he said, rubbing his ankle and grabbing Lucy by her shoulders. ''You got any clothes?''

Lucy nodded. There were some of Maggie's dungarees in the farmhouse. ''Wait here,'' she said. ''I'll get you something to wear.''

Lucy started for the barn door. She only got a few steps outside it before Maggie and Sarah caught up with her. Maggie carried a double-barrelled 12 gauge shotgun. She pointed it at the billy and Lucy. Sarah pulled a handgun from one of the deep pockets of her overalls. It was an airgun, the kind vets use to tranquillize rabid dogs.

''It was the Founder's law,'' Sarah said to the billy, pointing the handgun at his chest. ''It was declared when the town was founded that the sexes be separated. Each would be kept to their own kind, except for childbearing.''

An instant after she squeezed the trigger, a black dart was sticking out of the billy's throat. A moment later, he crumpled to the straw floor of the barn, completely unconscious.

Lucy screamed as Sarah came at her with a coil of rope, but it didn't do her any good.

The next morning, on the other side of the valley, Merle Johncock stepped out of the farmhouse and walked into the sally barn.

The sallies were in their stalls, all of them curled up in sleep. The new one needed studding today. She was a little skittish but that was okay.

The sally came awake with a muzzy look in her deep blue eyes

Merle opened the door to the sally's stall and gently shook her. The sally came awake with a muzzy look in her deep blue eyes.

''Pretty one,'' Merle thought. ''Think I'm going to enjoy stud duty today.''

''Take it easy, little lady,'' Merle said, manoeuvering the sally into studding position with her shins and elbows on the ground and her perky white buttocks raised in the air. ''Merle's going to break you in real easy.''

Grasping the sally by her narrow waist, Merle unzipped his jeans and pulled out his pecker.

It was erect and throbbing. Reaching down, he dipped a finger in the sally's cunt and assured himself that it was sopping wet.

As he slid his long, hard prick up to the balls in the sally's tight, wet cunt, Merle remembered the new sally's name. He liked calling them by their names when they were being studded. Merle found it made them take the studding easier.

''That's the way, Lucy,'' Merle grunted as he began pumping the sally from behind. ''You sure are one sweet little fuck.''♣

HOT-SEX-LINES
(DIAL FOR SEX ACTION)

SWEDISH HOT LINE	0836 402 146
RIP MY PANTIES OFF	0836 402 147
TALK DIRTY TO ME	0836 420 148
HOLIDAY DESIRES	0836 402 149
SEX ON CALL	0836 402 150
HOT WET AND WILLING	0836 402 151
I WANT IT NOW	0836 402 152
BITE ME	0836 402 153
NOW I WANT YOU	0836 402 154
DIRTY TALKING PEOPLE	0836 402 155
RUBBER PARTY	0836 402 156
CLIMAX WITH MANDY	0836 402 157
GIVE IT TO ME HARD	0836 402 158
WELL BEDDED WANDA	0836 402 159
ROUGH AND READY	0836 402 160
KITCHEN CAPERS	0836 402 161
ORAL SEX	0836 402 162
LESBIAN LOVERS	0836 402 163
MILE HIGH CLUB	0836 402 164
BONKING IN BENIDORM	0836 402 165

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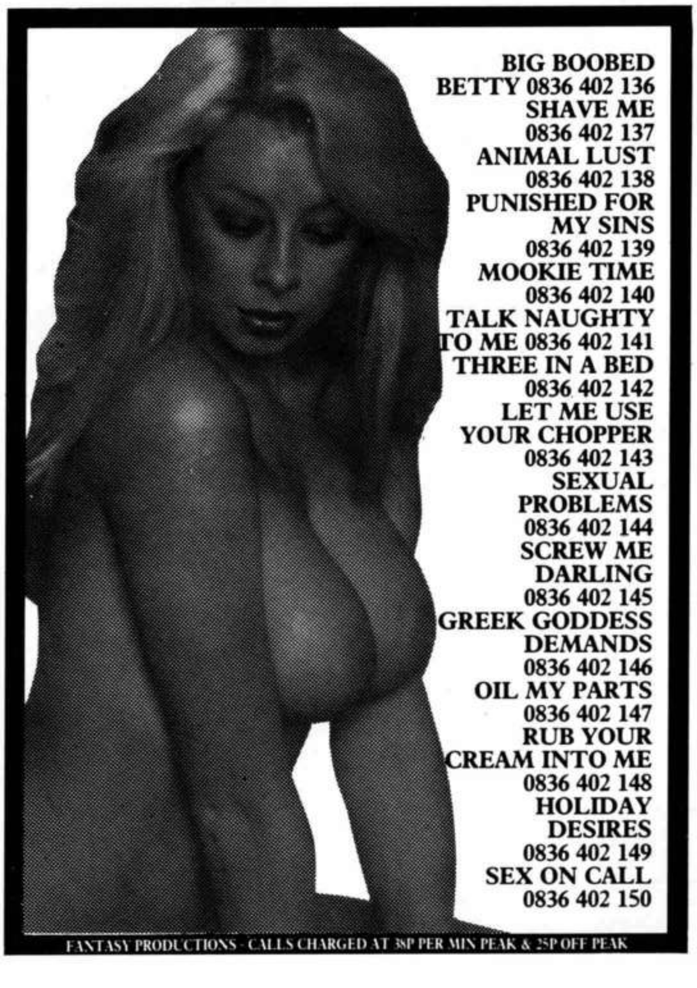

BIG BOOBED BETTY 0836 402 136
SHAVE ME 0836 402 137
ANIMAL LUST 0836 402 138
PUNISHED FOR MY SINS 0836 402 139
MOOKIE TIME 0836 402 140
TALK NAUGHTY TO ME 0836 402 141
THREE IN A BED 0836 402 142
LET ME USE YOUR CHOPPER 0836 402 143
SEXUAL PROBLEMS 0836 402 144
SCREW ME DARLING 0836 402 145
GREEK GODDESS DEMANDS 0836 402 146
OIL MY PARTS 0836 402 147
RUB YOUR CREAM INTO ME 0836 402 148
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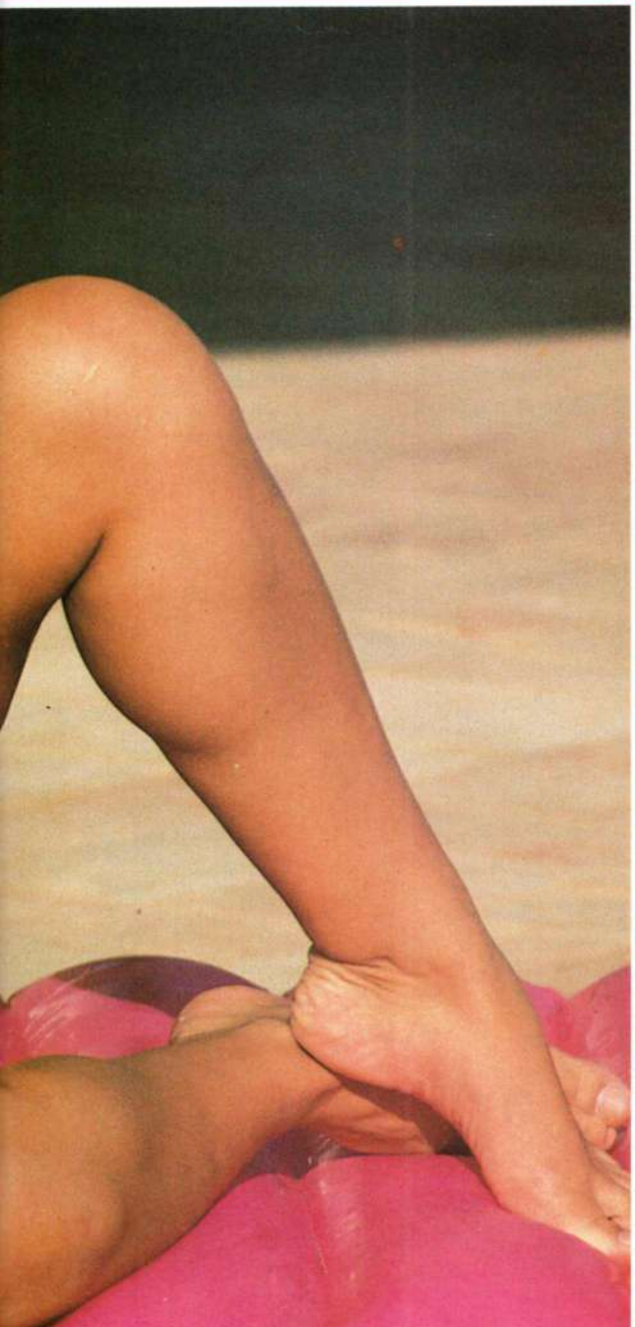
Photographs by Andrew Staunton

SANDY

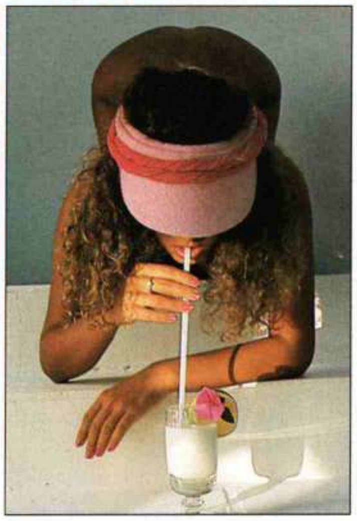
If you fancy something hot and wet to brighten up a winter's evening, then you needn't look any further than Sandy. She's

23, comes from York and likes nothing better than to be frolicking around a swimming pool doing naughty things with a hose pipe – even in January.

"Well, January's different in California!" she admitted. "I couldn't resist the offer of a trip here. So now I'm showing you all just how grateful I am for my holiday!" ♣



TALKIN' BLUE



This is the section where you talk to us-and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

THREE'S A CROWD

I got a very nasty shock the other week when my husband brought home a young Asian girl, only just 18 years old, but very pretty with long thick black hair and a truly (I have to say it) fabulous body, ultra slim and very shapely with it. Her name was Gurprie, and it was clear from that permanently moist look in her eyes that she was head over heels in love with Vernon.

Believe me, I know the signs only too well. One glance told me everything I needed to know, or didn't. He had been screwing her with his amazing cock, which is all of 11 inches long when fully erect, and from the way she was acting – sort of squirming around like it was already inside her or something – I supposed that she must have been getting it on a regular basis for a couple of weeks or more.

I could almost read Vernon's mind when he looked over at me under those sleepy eyelids of his, and his calm, deep bass voice told me, "It's time I had a threesome again." This wasn't a new thing for me. I knew exactly what it meant, as it happens to be the way I took him from his first wife.

The scene had sort of erupted three years ago, when I was only just 20 years old. I had been a pretty easy pick-up for him, offering no resistance whatsoever when he told me at our first meeting that he was going to fuck the arse off me. Since that moment, he would come up to my flat, fuck me almost senseless, then leave. I didn't even know he *had* a wife until the day he took me back to his house.

His wife was there and she watched as Vernon stripped me completely and stuffed his cock up me, slowly and lovingly until I was screaming from the rooftops. After he had flooded my pussy with his come, he turned to her and demanded that she go down on me and lick it all out.

I will never forget that moment when her tongue lanced into my oozing slit. It kept flicking upwards, like the way a dog will take up milk from a saucer, sucking back his spunk into her throat. I grabbed her curly hair roughly, holding her mouth to my cunt and bucking wildly until I came again. She was West Indian, the same as Vernon. It was great having her tongue my gash like that.

So, now I'm 23 and the wheel has come full circle. I knew that Vernon planned to repeat the exact scene, asking me to do likewise to this lovely Asian girl, five years my junior. I could say nothing as he led us both to the bedroom. They both stripped, but she kept her stockings and high heels on. I had to admire Gurprie's marvellous shape, and wonder also how such a tiny, willowy girl like that could cope with Vernon's super-thick 11 inches.

She lay down on our bed, opening her long legs and holding her arms out to him as he climbed on top. His cock, I noticed, slipped quite easily into her cunt. I mean, she took it with no trouble at all, hardly even murmuring. I was astonished to see this, recalling how he'd made me squeal when he pushed himself into my cunt the first couple of times.

Obviously loving it, Gurprie started to moan as she ground herself harder on to his cock. She shook and groaned as Vernon came inside her. I knew he was pumping gallons of spunk into her cunt. He's always seemed to have lots of the stuff to spare. I looked closely as he pulled out. His cock hadn't quite finished either. A couple of jets spurted over her tummy and thighs.

She pulled her skirt right up to reveal her soaking wet pussy, before her boyfriend thrust into her

Vernon laid right back, staring at me. "Come on, girl," he grinned, "do your stuff. You know you've got to do it." I moved between her wide-spread legs and looked into her gaping cunt-hole, with Vernon's spunk slowly oozing from the bottom of it. The idea of this clearly excited her very much, for she spread her lips apart with her fingers. It was all juicy and wet. Before I bent closer to her open gash, I noticed the silly superior smirk on her face.

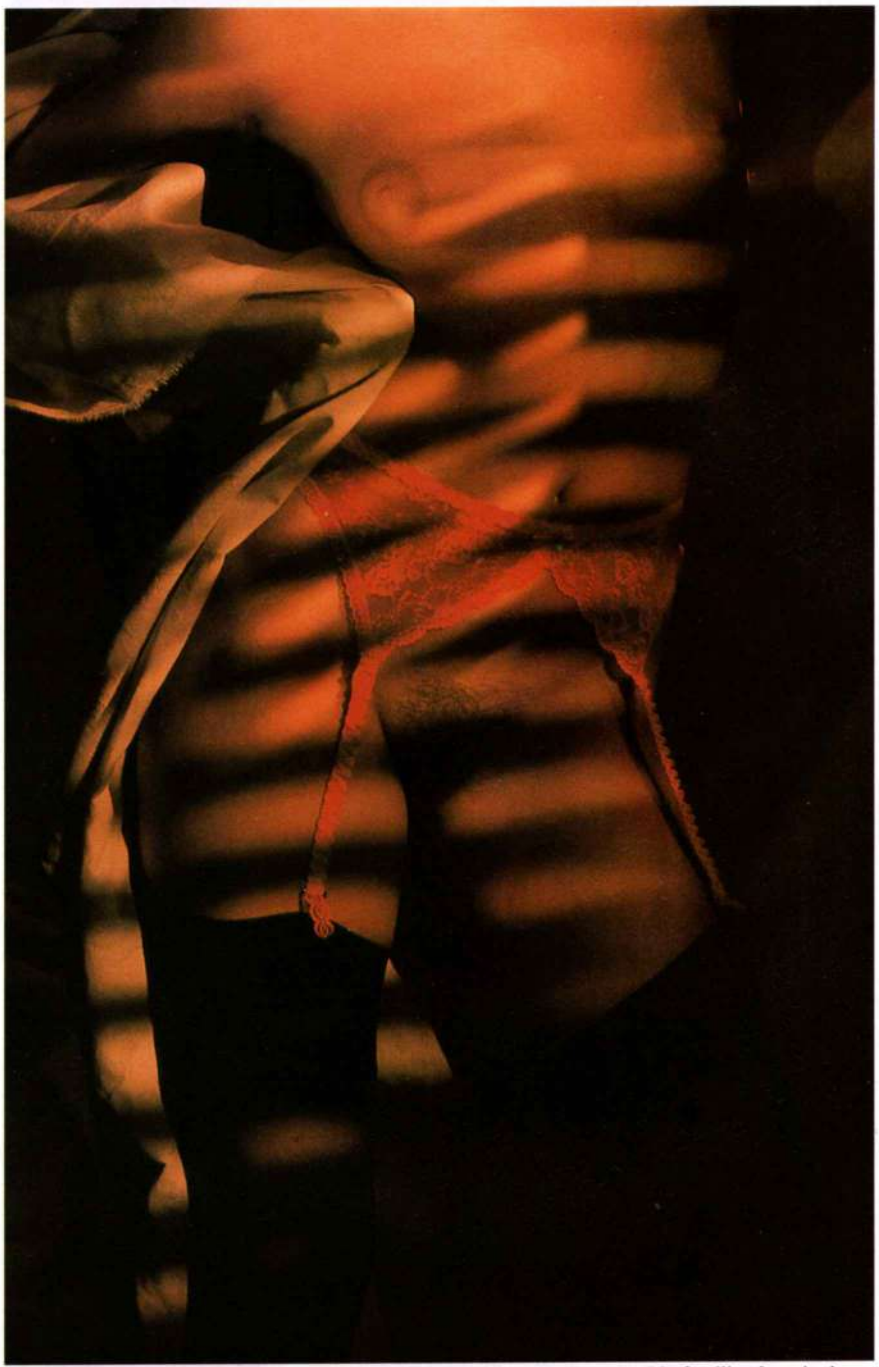
I stopped, my face only inches away from it. I wasn't sure whether I was prepared to go through with it. Gurprie must have sensed that I might chicken out, because she heaved her hips up so her cunt was completely engulfing me. I tried jerking back but she had grabbed two handfuls of my hair, holding my head in position as she rotated her hips, grinding herself against my mouth.

At first, I spluttered with the sheer volume of come that was pouring from her to me. I don't know what came over me next, since all I remember is grabbing the cheeks of her bum and literally burying my face into that spunk-filled cunt. I pushed my tongue as far as it would go into her hole. I felt her react straight away, sighing and relaxing the hold she had on my hair, gently keeping one hand on top of my head, guiding me to the right spot.

She realised I couldn't stop now. I moved away slightly so I could run my tongue along the full length of her gash. I wondered how so small a girl could possess such a large cunt and such a prominent clitoris. Her clit stuck out like a small prick, about two inches long. I licked along its length before sucking the whole of it into my mouth. I heard her sob at this. It was really getting to her, and I was pleased.

My lips were tight around her miniature penis as she helplessly bucked around, the victim of all this tongue-pleasure. She might have thought she was doing the fucking, but she wasn't. As I parted the thick, matted hair and thrust right inside again, I felt her shudder in a series of spasms. In fact, I could have sworn I felt something spurt into my mouth, and trickle down my throat. I didn't think a woman could come like a man, but I'm sure she did.

As that wave died down, I went back to softly licking her swollen pink slit, and was really getting into it, so much that I just had to slip my hand between my legs to frig myself off. This pleasure was quite new to me, and I knew I



could get to like it a lot more.

Gurprie's pleasure was on the rise again. She put her legs over my shoulders and crossed them over my back – her soft thighs clamped firmly but gently around my head – writhing and sobbing under the attentions of my persistent tongue. It amused me to think that I was actually doing a better job than Vernon, as Gurprie was thrashing about and coming off every couple of minutes now.

Then she gave one almighty shudder, whimpering and heaving up and down, sliding the full length of her young cunt over my face. I felt her flood my mouth again, as I gasped and groaned right into her fanny, coming off myself at the same time. She held my head, jerking feebly against my mouth, as if she wanted more but lacked the energy to take it. I was glad of a rest, though.

It must have looked pretty good to Vernon because, before I could properly relax, he gripped me from behind, actually lifting me to my knees. I felt his hard knob brush against my fanny. Obediently, I held my cunt-lips open for him to slide right home. I wriggled my hips for him, my head falling right back into Gurprie's dripping cunt. It was like a huge red cave.

Vernon was really hammering his cock into me now. I reached down and squeezed his balls softly, massaging them, but just when I expected to come again, he pulled out, leaving me sobbing. Pushing me aside, he rammed himself into Gurprie's heaving cunt. She gave a loud squeal, clinging to him wildly as he pumped out again. I was left on my own, fingering my aching fanny. I had so nearly had the spunk from his cock, like in earlier days. Not this time, though. It was now busy getting limp inside my rival's cunt.

I must have been good as Gurprie urged Vernon to let me stay, and he agreed that we should live as a threesome. At first it was only Gurprie who received his juice, while I had to make do with my own fingers and sucking her cunt, which she really adored. I suspect she likes that even better than his cock, but I'm not sure.

I don't mind being her plaything at the moment, as it means I still have a hold on Vernon. Just! However, I can feel that I might be winning the battle because the tableau is slowly becoming different. After she gets her fill and I'm licking her cunt, he's started shagging me properly again and saying, "Things will be changing." That's fine, in one way. But I'm not sure I want them to change. – *Roberta, Middlesex*

SEEING IS RELIEVING

I think I must be one of only a few women who actively enjoy voyeurism. I get a real quick thrill out of going places where I know I'll be able to watch couples having sex. And coming across it unexpectedly almost makes me wet myself with sheer excitement.

It started quite by accident a couple of years ago. I wasn't seeing anyone at the time, and was feeling extremely frustrated. I was masturbating myself about four times a day, and I was desperate for cock. While out walking my dog in our local park, she got loose from the lead and ran off into some bushes at the side of the path.

I ran in to find her, and I was just putting her back on the lead again when I heard the rustling of leaves quite close by. It was almost dark so I was a little scared at first, until I realised that I could also hear lots of moaning and panting. I crept round the clump of bushes and peered round to find a young couple writhing on the floor, obviously completely oblivious to me.

The girl was naked from the waist up, lying back and roughly fondling her nipples as her boyfriend knelt between her legs and pushed down his straining jeans to reveal a large erection. Her panties were off, and she pulled her skirt right up to reveal her soaking wet pussy, before her boyfriend thrust into her with his hard-on and they started fucking for all they were worth.

Well, I just couldn't help myself. I went back into the bushes and stood there with my hand in my panties, frigging myself madly with both hands until I came twice over and stood there breathing hard.

Since that time, I deliberately go out of my way to find courting couples, and always end up masturbating myself to several orgasms when I watch what they're doing. – *Jessie, Stockport*

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Couples Confess

After the success of our series by the Braddons, we were deluged with letters from other randy couples. So we decided to make a feature of all your dirtiest, real-life couples confessions.

A few issues ago you published a story about a party that the Braddons had been to. It sounded like a pretty horny affair, but I reckon it didn't compare with the birthday party I arranged for my husband a couple of weeks ago.

Actually it was John, my husband, who suggested I should write and tell you about it. You see, last year when it was John's birthday he invited some of his friends round with their wives and girlfriends, and all that happened was that the men sat in one corner telling dirty jokes while the women were in another talking about knitting patterns. Both John and I had hoped the party would develop into something more exciting, but somehow it just didn't happen.

Anyway, this year I decided to arrange things carefully, so that John would get a birthday party he wouldn't forget. He was away on a week's business trip beforehand, so he had no chance to invite any of his usual friends.

First I phoned my sister Christine who was between boyfriends at the time (I could hear both of them fucking her as she spoke to me on the phone). She's a couple of years younger than me and just as randy.

"I'm arranging a special party for John," I said. "Just him and a group of us girls. Would you like to help me give him the time of his life?"

"Of course I would, Mandy," she answered. "It sounds like fun."

Next I asked my friend Kirstin if she was free for John's party. She's Swedish, blonde and beautiful, and she never gets tired of cock. "Yes, I'd love to come along," she said. "I've always wanted to fuck your husband."

Then I called up Tracey, the receptionist at the firm where John works. I knew she fancied him and he fancied her too. In fact he told me that she once sucked him off in the loo. (Better to be honest about these things rather than secretive, you know.) Would she like to come to a party? "All girls except for John," I explained.

"Great," she said. "And can I bring along Carol from the accounts department? She likes John too, and she's always fantasizing about fucking him."

"Marvellous," I said. "There'll be five of us altogether. That should be enough to keep him happy for the evening."

I told John his party would be a surprise, and he said he was happy to go along with whatever I'd arranged. Mind you, he obviously thought I'd invited the usual group of friends.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" he asked me on the evening of the party. "People will start arriving soon."

"But I am dressed," I told him as I stood there in a new black basque that I'd bought for the occasion. I've got quite big boobs, and the underwired cups of the basque pushed them out in front of me. The cups were low-cut so the black lace left my nipples partly uncovered. The basque had a row of red ribbons down the front, as did the matching open-crotch black knickers. I had on black lace gloves, black seamed stockings and shiny red high-heeled shoes as well.

"I mean, aren't you going to put a dress on?" John said. "Listen, that's the doorbell already."

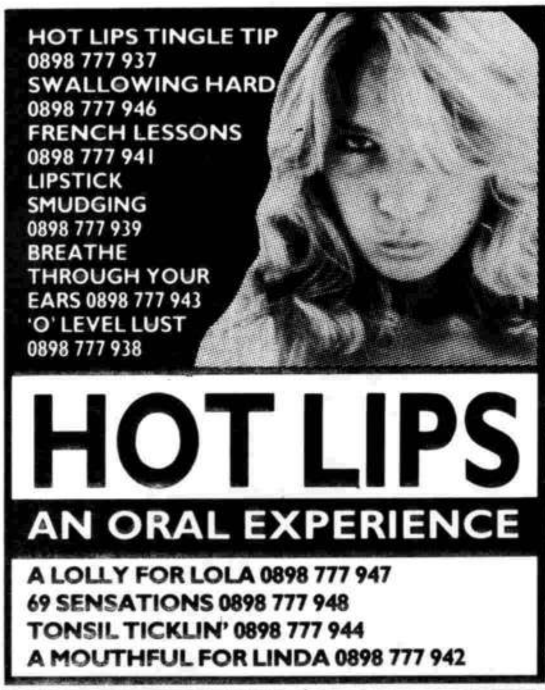
"OK, just for you I'll wear a necklace," I said, fastening a string of red beads round my neck and going downstairs to open the front door. All four of the girls were there. "Hey, you're all very punctual," I said. "It's only just eight."

"Wouldn't want to keep the birthday boy waiting," said Kirstin, putting down her large handbag and taking off her raincoat to reveal a set of red lacy underwear with red stockings.

My sister Christine was in a white lacy dress that she'd bought at a second-hand stall. The style was straight and simple, but Christine had turned it into something really wild by taking out the lining so the dress was entirely see-through, and she'd shortened it to just below her bum. White stilettos, hold-up stockings and a shaved cunt completed her attire.

The two girls from the office, Tracey and Carol, weren't quite so blatant, but they'd sure dressed up sexily just for John. Tracey's skin-tight black mini dress stopped just about where her stockings began. The dress was strapless and could barely contain her ample boobs. "John will definitely like that," I thought, as I greeted Tracey with a kiss on the cheek.

"Hi, I'm Carol," said her friend. "And he'll like this one too," I thought, as I took Carol's coat. Her tan suede



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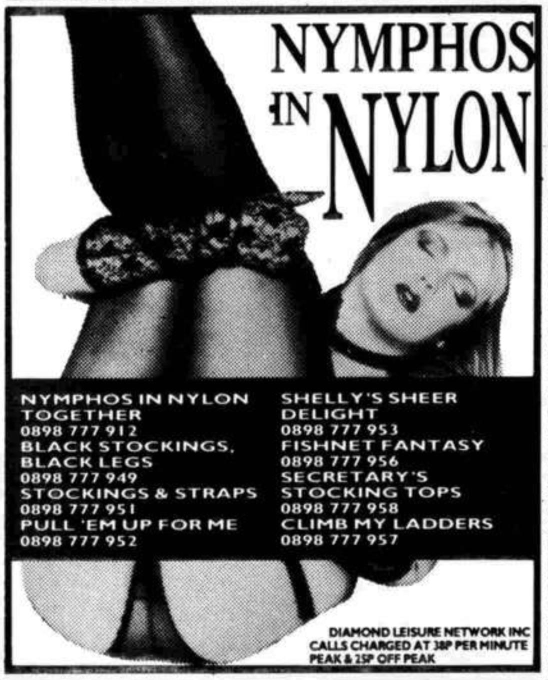

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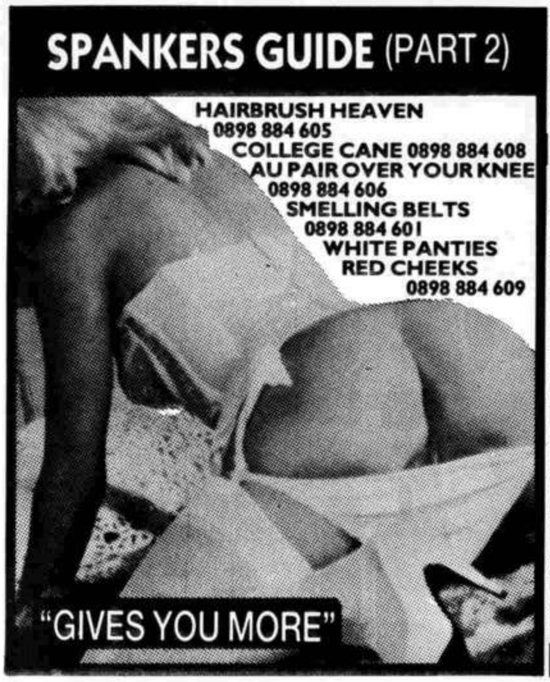

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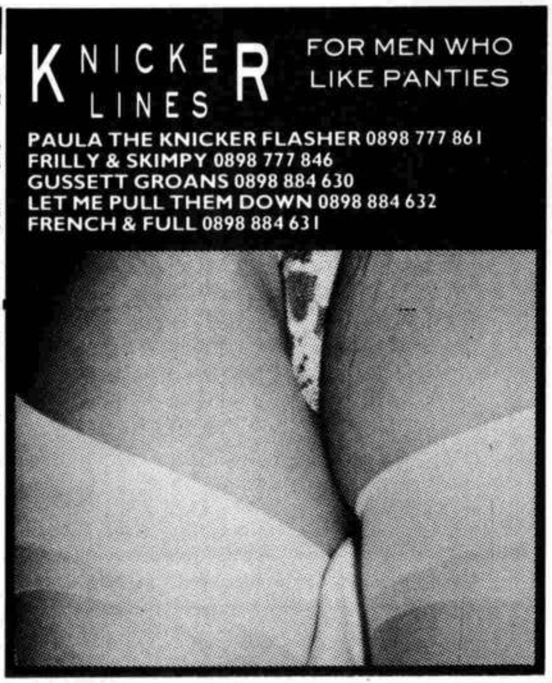

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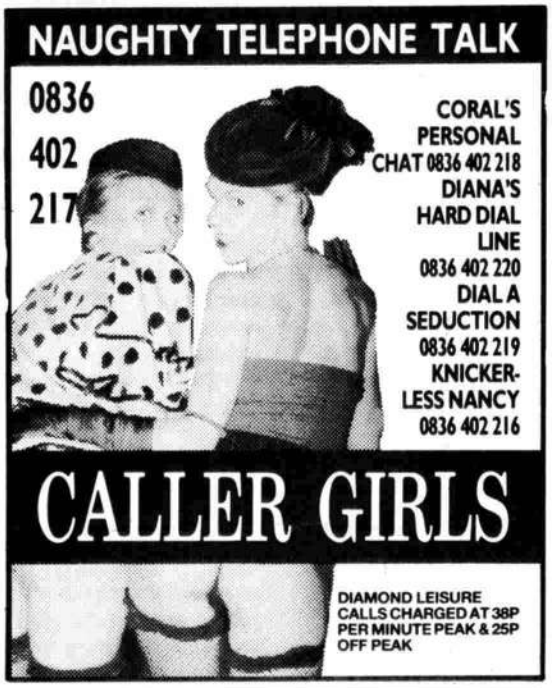

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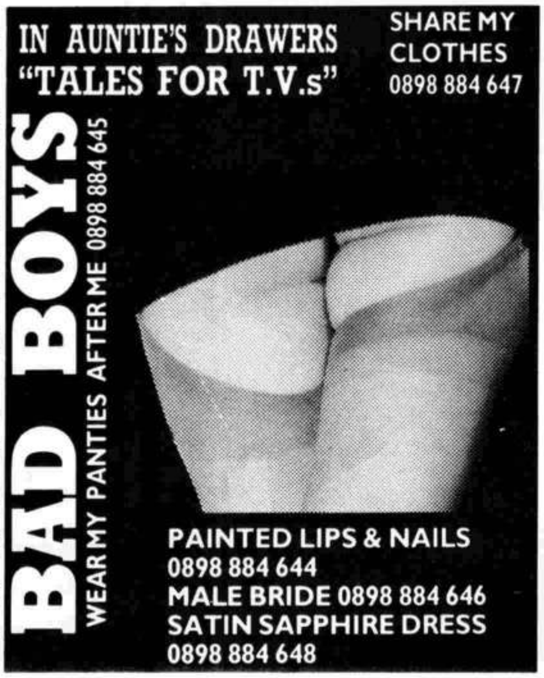

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waistcoat was laced loosely up the front with leather thongs, but the gap was about six inches wide so she showed plenty of suntanned boob. Her suede skirt was no more than a pelmet above her long suntanned legs that ended in white high-heeled ankle boots.

When John came downstairs he was amazed to see five blatantly sexy women waiting for him. "But I thought . . ." he began. "Never mind what you thought," I said, pouring out some wine. "We're running this party. You're just here to enjoy yourself." We all sang Happy Birthday and each of us gave him a birthday kiss which, as you can imagine, soon turned into a round of tit-feeling, cunt-poking and cock-sucking.

Before long, John had an enormous hard-on and the two office girls, Tracey and Carol, were kneeling in front of him taking turns at sucking his whopper. "Now let's not rush things," Kirstin said. "It's his birthday. Let's give him a bit of entertainment first. How about a little party game?"

"Well, I'm game for anything," said Christine, and the rest of us agreed. Kirstin then told John to undress completely, which he did, his rigid cock sticking out proudly in front of him. Kirstin went over to him and made sure his foreskin was pushed right back. "Right," she said to the rest of us, "that's the last time any of us touches him till the game is over. The idea is to get him to come without us – or him – touching his cock."

"Is that possible?" Carol asked, wide-eyed.

"Of course it is if you put on a sexy enough display," Kirstin told her. "Just wait and see." John promised not to wank, or even to touch his cock, while he stood and watched us try to make him come.

I had first go. After all, he is my husband. I stood in front of him, swaying and gyrating. I lifted my boobs clear of my basque and started squeezing my nipples – just what he likes to see me do. I massaged my tits just a few inches from his body, licking my lips as I looked him in the face. I held my nipples between thumb and forefinger, pulling the erect brown buttons as far as I could. And I pinched them hard, making them hurt so it showed in my face, because I know that really turns him on.

He sure was sweating, and his cock was bobbing up and down like a water diviner's rod. But he wasn't ready for shooting his load yet. I rubbed my hands up and down my basque, always returning to massage my boobs and pinch my nipples. I let my left hand move slowly down my body and then rubbed my fingers against the lips of my cunt through the open crotch of my knickers.

I lay back on the floor, spreading my legs wide, and pushed my hips into the air. I pulled the crotch of my knickers apart, and pulled my cunt lips open so John could see right down into my juicy pink hole. The sight of him looking at me so greedily made me randier than ever. And I really was juicy too. As I stroked my clit with my fingers I could feel myself getting wetter. As I pushed a couple of fingers into my cunt I could feel my juices running down my bum on to the carpet. And as I pushed in a couple of fingers from the other hand as well, I could feel an orgasm starting to well up within me. I rubbed myself frantically as my body shook with pleasure. When I took my fingers out I licked the juice from them with my tongue as erotically as I could. John looked as if he was longing to give me a real rough fuck, but he still didn't come.

Then Christine had a go. Her whole body could be seen through her see-through dress as she started dancing to a Rod Stewart record. She rubbed herself erotically with her hands, making sure that her dress kept getting pulled up high. John got plenty of views of her shaved cunt, especially when she bent right over, legs apart and bum towards him. As she bent down, she put her hands between her legs, massaging her clit. Her cunt gaped open invitingly about a foot away from John's enormous cock.

"Hell, Christine, I just want to ram my cock inside you as hard as I can," he said to her.

"Why don't you then?" she replied. "Look what's waiting for you." She moved both hands to her hips and pulled her bum wide apart so her cunt gaped open even further. "Come on, stuff it in me as hard as you like. I don't mind," she teased him. "I'll take anything you've got, any way you want to give it to me."

As I watched my sex-hungry sister offering all she'd got to my sex-crazy husband, I got that oh-so-randy feeling all through my body again. I started playing with my nipples and stroking my cunt. I just couldn't stop myself, I was so turned on.

Kirstin was giving herself a good poke too inside her red G-string. And the two office girls both had their skirts up round their waists, rubbing the front of their knickers for all they were worth. I don't know how John resisted the temptation to ravish my sister, but he didn't touch her and he didn't touch his quivering cock either. I'm sure if he had he would have shot his load right away.

"Let me have a go," said Kirstin eagerly. "I have a few tricks in store that should make his cock do its stuff." Now I realized why she'd brought such a big handbag. She opened it and took out half a dozen dildos of assorted shapes and sizes.

She grabbed a couple of them and began to rub them all over her body. She massaged the front of her red lacy G-string with one while she licked the end of the other with her tongue, deliberately dripping saliva down her chin. She set about rubbing her tits through her low-cut red bra, then used the dildos to lever her boobs free of the bra cups so she could stroke her nipples with the stiff rubber cocks. Then she hooked the dildos in the sides of her G-string and pulled them up, stretching the elastic to near breaking point so the tiny triangle of red lace cut into her cunt. I could see

the lace getting damper as the moisture of her cunt juices soaked into it.

Next, pulling off her G-string and flinging it over her shoulder so it hung on the lampshade, Kirstin shoved the end of one dildo into her glistening cunt and stuck the end of the other in her mouth. After a few thrusts in and out with both of them she swapped them round, sucking her juices from the one that had been up her cunt and masturbating herself with the one that was wet with her saliva. Kirstin's performance was certainly turning me and the other girls on. And John's cock was throbbing and bouncing as if it were spring-loaded.

Kirstin put down her first two dildos and now picked up another. I'd never seen one quite like it before. It made me nearly wet myself just to look at it. It wasn't that it was particularly long – not more than a foot or so. But it was so thick – much thicker than my wrist. It was shaped like a giant cock but with a really bumpy surface from all the imitation veins on it. It wasn't a pretty sight, but it sure was a horny one. She smeared it all over with Vaseline and wiped her greasy fingers on her cunt.

Kirstin pulled up an armchair to a few feet in front of John. Then she went round the back of it and flopped over backwards into it so her head and shoulders were in the seat of the chair and her legs were in the air. She spread her legs wide and her cunt lips gaped open, showing the glistening hole inside.

I felt a tingling in my cunt and a rush of juices as Kirstin pulled her cunt lips apart and pushed the big thick dildo slowly inside. Watching her made me so randy. I still had on my open-crotch knickers, so I pulled them off quickly so I could poke myself more easily. I don't remember how many fingers I had inside myself, but soon my juices were flowing fast and dribbling down my legs. I picked up one of Kirstin's cast-off dildos and thrust it deep into my cunt. What a wonderful feeling it was, filling myself up with a big stiff cock, even if it wasn't a real one.

Kirstin was gasping as she set up a rhythm with the thick weapon in her hands. She pushed it into her cunt as far as it would go, pulled it till it nearly popped out again, and then pushed it in deep once more. The skin was stretched tight around the massive thing, and both cunt and dildo shone with Vaseline. Kirstin was obviously in a world of her own, her body shaking with lust as she built up to her orgasm.

Christine was turned on by Kirstin's show too. She pulled off her see-through dress and rummaged through Kirstin's dildos till she found one she fancied. We must have made a pretty raunchy trio: Christine with cunt crammed full, Kirstin stretched to the limit and loving every moment, and me as randy as hell and poking myself as hard as I could. The fact that we were all doing it together turned us on even more. The pushing and poking built up to a crescendo till we all climaxed together, moaning and groaning with delight.

As we came round from our mind-blowing orgasms, the three of us realized that John was still standing there as unsatisfied as ever. For the moment we were too shattered to do anything about it. "Well, I reckon that means it's our turn," said Tracey to Carol. I'd almost forgotten they were there, though their dishevelled clothing showed that they'd been having a good time too.

Holding hands, they walked over to John. The hem of Tracey's black mini dress was a couple of inches above her stocking tops, and the top of her dress was pulled down so her boobs were on show. The thongs of Carol's suede waistcoat were undone so it hung right open, showing her tits too.

They knelt down at John's feet, their skirts up round the tops of their thighs, showing glimpses of silky white knickers. They knelt face to face, kissing each other gently. Then they each cupped their boobs in their hands and lightly touched each other's nipples. Slowly they increased the motion till they were rubbing their boobs together sensuously. Their kissing turned sensuous too, with their tongues probing deep into each other's mouths.

Then Tracey and Carol, their mouths and tongues still touching, slowly turned to look up at John. Cheek to cheek they gazed up saucily into his face, their tongues flicking together just an inch or two from the end of his cock.

John let out a loud "Ooh" as his huge cock jerked up and down, spurting a jet of sticky white come on to Tracey's laughing face. Then a second load of spunk spattered on to Carol's cheek and nose. She giggled with delight. Then again and again John's cock jumped, each time shooting out white jets of come that streaked across the girls' faces till they were covered in it. Several times the spunk landed in their mouths and the two girls swallowed it greedily. Then, when John seemed to have no come left, Tracey and Carol started to lick the spunk from each other's faces. Well, I don't know where he got it from, but suddenly another big dollop shot out from John's cock and hit Tracey on the nose.

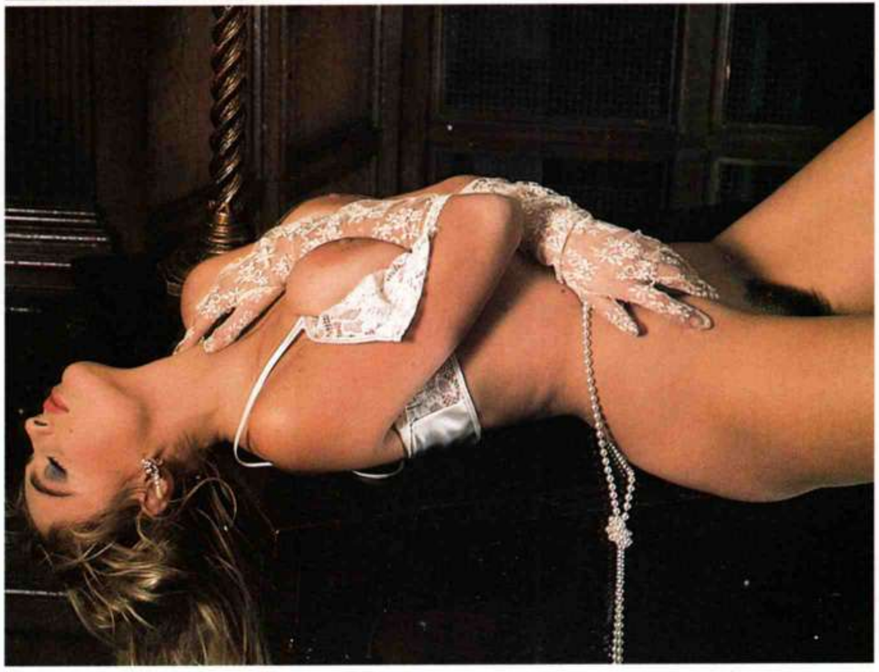
Isn't that just typical of a man! We women do the wildest things to turn him on, but he goes and shoots his load at the sight of a couple of cheeky office girls.

It took John a while to get over his huge orgasm, but a short time later we all settled down to a nice little orgy together. John got another hard-on and was soon shafting Tracey and Carol in turns, banging away at one while the other frigged herself, then changing over and screwing the other.

He fucked all of us that evening, and gave each one of us another orgasm. At the end of it he had another big orgasm himself too. And the best thing of all was that he did it inside me – to say thank you for giving him the best birthday present he'd ever had.

Well, that was a couple of weeks ago, and John just can't stop talking about how great it was. He says he would never have believed it was possible to come without touching his cock.

It's my birthday in another month and John has promised a really special party for me too. He's got a pretty filthy mind at times, and some of his ideas can be about as disgusting as you can get. You've probably guessed I'm really looking forward to what he's planning for me. – *Mandy, Swindon*



Holiday Blues

In at the Deep End

I belong to the snorkelling club in my town. I've been going there for about two years now, and I've become so good at the sport that I'm about to start training to be an instructor. As we're based in a seaside resort, we have a lot of holidaymakers coming to us in the high season, and that's how I was introduced to lesbian sex.

Cheryl was one of those girls who every man looks at when she walks into a room. She had long legs, blonde hair that was entirely natural and one of those smiles that are usually reserved for toothpaste ads. She was down from London on holiday, and at first I had no idea that she was a dyke.

She didn't waste any time letting me know though. I honestly never suspected that she was inclined that way, especially as all the blokes were drooling over her. She flirted with all of them, but I could see that it was just for amusement and she wasn't really interested in any of them particularly.

After one of the sessions where I'd been showing all the holidaymakers the basics, she came up to me in the club café. She bought me a cup of coffee and we sat chatting about her holidays and my job and that kind of thing. I thought she was just being friendly, and readily agreed to go out with her that night and show her the nightspots of the town.

I took her to this new nightclub in the centre of the town, because I knew there'd be quite a lot of young, good-looking blokes there with money to burn.

But Cheryl didn't seem at all bothered about them, even when several of them tried to chat her up. She just smiled and gave them a really cool brush-off. It gradually began to dawn on me that the conversation *we* were having was getting more and more suggestive.

Eventually, rather the worse for drink, we left the club and got a taxi back to my flat for a coffee. ''After all,'' she said, ''it wouldn't look too good if I stumbled into my hotel *this* drunk, would it, Lindsay?''

I was in the kitchen brewing the coffee when she made the first move. She just came up behind me and put her arms around me, and I just turned round to kiss her as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Her hands were everywhere as we stood there kissing for ages, and she pushed one under my dress and started fiddling with my nipples, rolling them round in her fingers till I was practically gasping.

''Feel my pussy,'' she told me, taking my hand and putting it on to her pussy mound over the fabric of her dress. She was really hot down there, and I wanted to put my hand inside her, right inside. She knew what I wanted, and just guided my hand under her skimpy-pantied pussy lips. They were wet, and I could feel her juices running on to my fingers.

''Oh, push them up harder, harder!'' Cheryl panted, grinding her pussy against my fingers. Never having wanked a girl off before I wasn't too sure what to do, but I thought it must be just like wanking myself, so I wiggled my fingers round in her sopping hole, feeling her cunt contract around them. My hand was wet all over with her pussy juice,

and Cheryl was moaning and rubbing her hips up and down until suddenly I felt her come and she relaxed against me with a loud cry.

"Oh God, I needed that," she said, pressing me back against the worktop and rubbing against me sensuously so that our tits and nipples were touching. It felt as if there were sparks coming off my nipples, I was so turned on. Cheryl smiled at me and said, "I know what you want, but I think we should get undressed first. It's so much more enjoyable that way."

I didn't really want to admit my inexperience with women, as I felt a bit embarrassed. It was obvious that Cheryl had been with a lot of women, and I didn't want to look silly, I suppose. So I led her into my small bedroom, and she looked at the double bed with some satisfaction.

"Lots of room for manoeuvre on there," she grinned. "I like to be pretty active in bed." She reached for me and started to strip off my dress, pulling it off my shoulders. I wasn't wearing a bra and my nipples were sticking right out from my tits, they were so hard. I realised with surprise that I wanted Cheryl to suck them, and told her so.

She bent down and took one nipple between her teeth, biting it gently as I sat back on the bed in total ecstasy. None of my boyfriends had ever done that, and I was frantic as she did it harder and faster, until I suddenly came, leaving a patch of juice all over my duvet.

We moved back on to the bed so that Cheryl was lying on top of me, and she reached down and pushed two fingers

into my pussy; they slipped in really easily as I was so wet by then. I was squirming and my hips were bucking as she brought me off. I'm very noisy when I come, but this time I was even worse, shouting and screaming and panting really loudly. I came twice in succession very quickly, and then I just lay back, wondering just what had hit me.

We spent the rest of that night just fucking, and by the morning I knew that I'd never want to fuck just men again. There were so many things that Cheryl taught me, using every part of my body and hers. I never believed that I was multi-orgasmic but I certainly did the next morning!

As the next day was Sunday, neither of us had anything to do so we decided to go to the beach. Cheryl wanted me to give her some extra lessons –

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but whether she meant the snorkelling or the fucking I wasn't sure. And I really didn't care either.

At the club there was no one there except a couple of real enthusiasts, so we got changed into our costumes alone. I could hardly take my eyes off Cheryl's body. She was so good-looking she could easily have been a model, with those long legs and curvy body in her tiny costume. When we were changed we went off to the beach and I began to teach her the basics of snorkelling.

After an hour or so I'd had enough of that. The continual sight of her body was getting me randy, and the thought of screwing her again was all I could concentrate on. And I knew that she could tell, because she kept smiling to herself and brushing against me, or rubbing her skin on mine, which only served to get me even more worked up.

There was a dinghy in the club's boathouse, and as the weather was pretty hot and sticky I suggested that we take it out to slightly deeper water, so that Cheryl could practise what I'd taught her, and we could have a chance to be alone. Although I was getting really worked up there on the beach, I didn't want to risk anyone who knew me seeing the two of us having sex.

We took the dinghy a safe distance from the shore, far enough away for no one to see us but not so far that the current would be dangerous. I moored it to a buoy and turned round to face Cheryl.

''I knew you'd do this,'' she smiled. ''And now I want you to tell me exactly what you want me to do for you, word for word.'' So I told her. Word for word.

''Take off my swimsuit,'' I told her. ''And lick out my cunt.'' This proved a bit difficult at first, because I couldn't stand up in the dinghy for fear of overbalancing. So I knelt up and Cheryl lay underneath me, exploring my wet pussy with her eager fingers, and I held my tits and massaged them firmly, making them go hard. Goose pimples were forming all over my skin, though whether from the cool sea breeze or what Cheryl was doing I really didn't know.

I started talking rapidly, telling her just what she was doing to me. ''That's so fucking good, Cheryl,'' I panted as the strokes of her fingers got faster and faster. ''Put your tongue in now, please.'' I was desperate for it and breathed a sigh of exquisite relief as I felt the rasp of her tongue, hot and coarse, against my throbbing clit before she thrust it deeply into my pussy.

She tongued me faster and faster until I came, the biggest orgasm I think I've ever had. The dinghy was rocking madly by this time, and I thought we were going to fall out! I was still roughly fondling my tits as I came down from it, and I looked down between my parted thighs to see Cheryl's juice-smeared face.

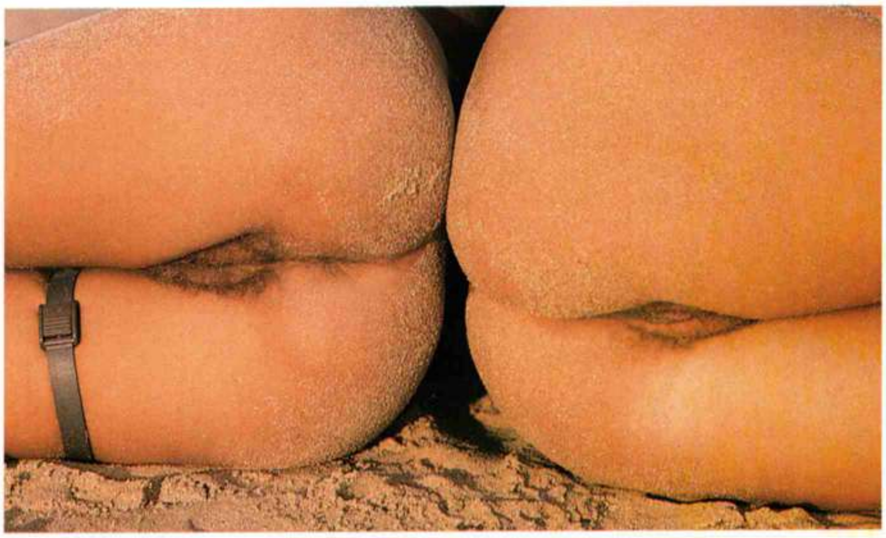
''Fair's fair,'' she said, scrambling up from the bottom of the dinghy as best she could. ''I'll tell you what you can do for me . . .''

And she told me in explicit detail. ''I want you to lick me out, really suck at my clitty. Do it hard. Go on, really hard.'' She was kneeling right up, and I thrust my head in between her legs as I held her hips firmly, rubbing my tits round her groin as I kissed her nipples first and worked my way down to her steaming snatch.

Cheryl was gripping me, digging her nails into my back and shoulders, as I parted her wet cunt lips and ran my tongue in and out of her love hole. She was so wet and randy that her juices were trickling out of her cunt and covering my face. It even dripped into my hair, and Cheryl just kept grinding her pussy on to my face so that I wouldn't stop.

I'd never known anything like it, and Cheryl was surprised that she hadn't either, despite the fact that she was hardly inexperienced with women. For the rest of her holiday, you can guess that we didn't exactly get much snorkelling done.

But after her fortnight in Devon, Cheryl went home to her steady girlfriend and left me to my newly discovered sexual liberation – which I'll always be *very* grateful to her for showing me! – *Lindsay, Devon*



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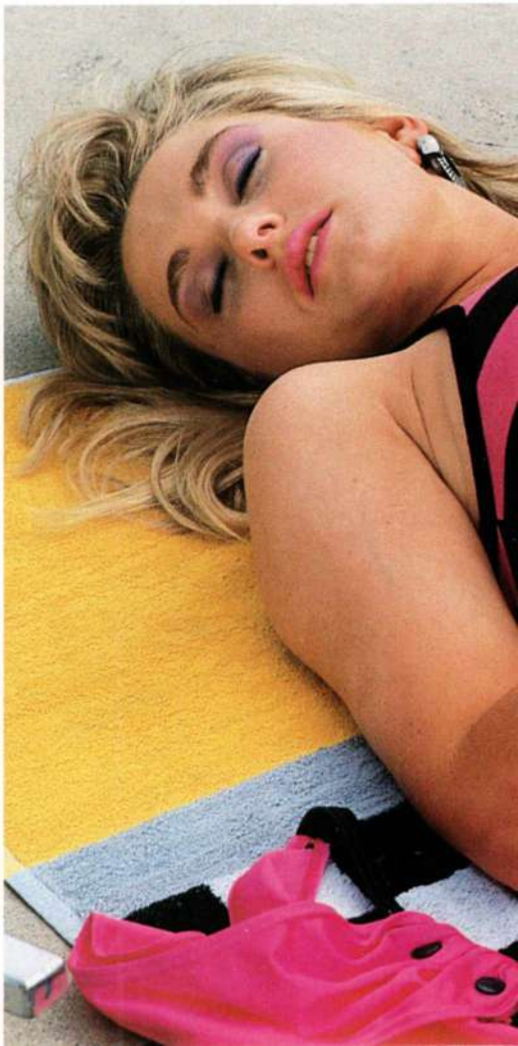
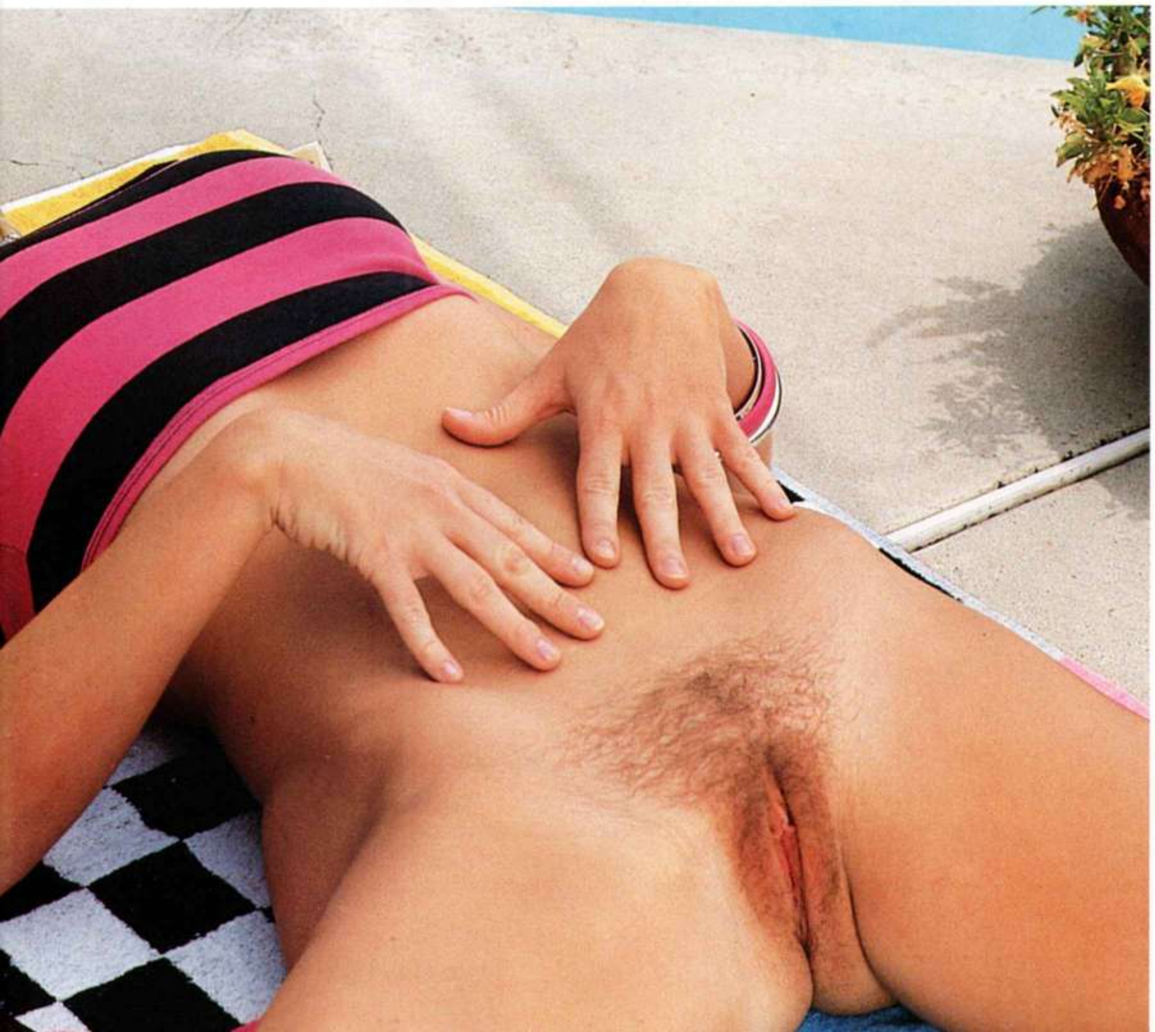
PENNY

Photographs by Joe King

Blue-eyed Penny Morgan might *look* like the nice girl-next-door type, but don't let that fool you. Over in the US this lady is one of the best known and horniest porn stars in the business, and is usually described by everyone she works with as a ''hot slut''. In films like *Games*





Couples Play, *Crystal Balls* and *Hollywood Vice*, she certainly proves it!

Horny Penny told us how she got started: "I had a friend who was in the business, and she dragged me along to an audition. To put it mildly, the director just flipped at my cock-sucking ability and gave me a nice fat contract on the spot. Now I do it for my living. All this work and play certainly *hasn't* made me a dull girl though!"♣

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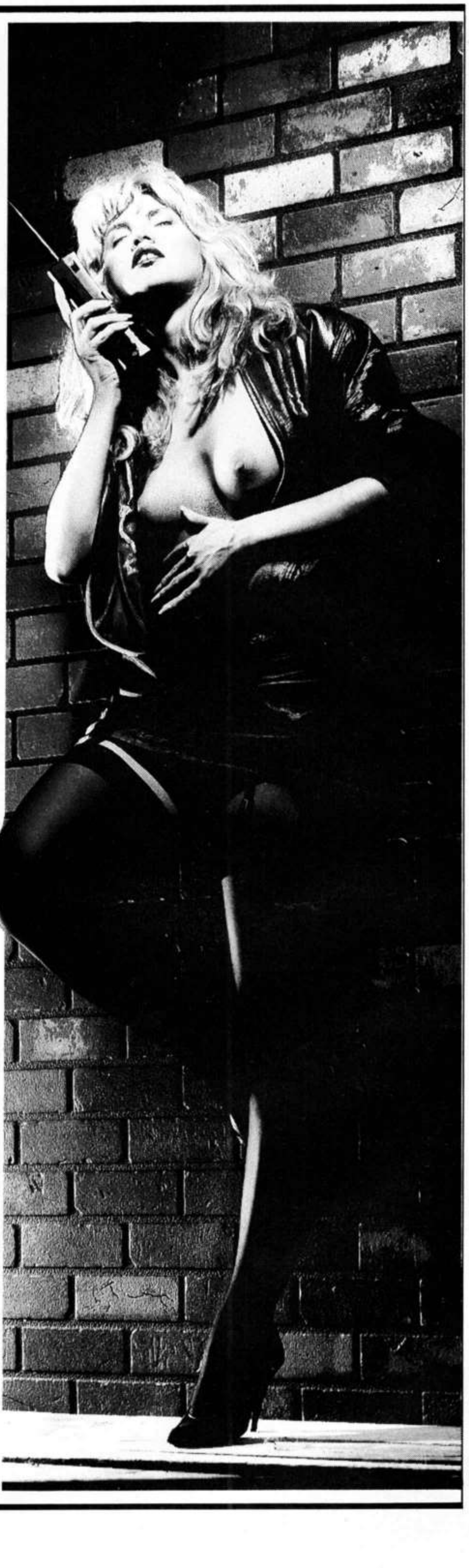

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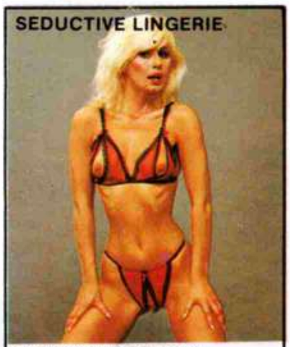

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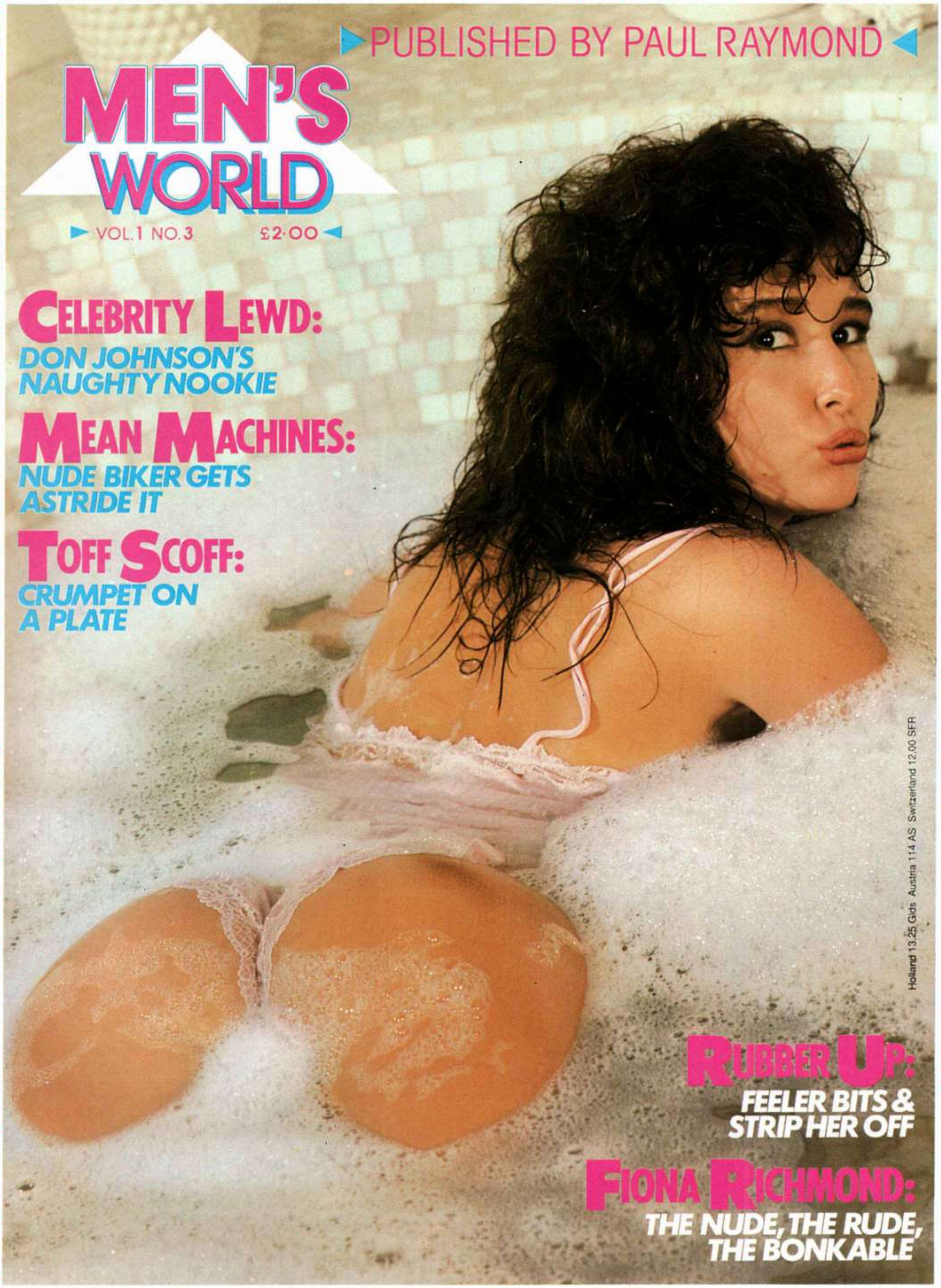

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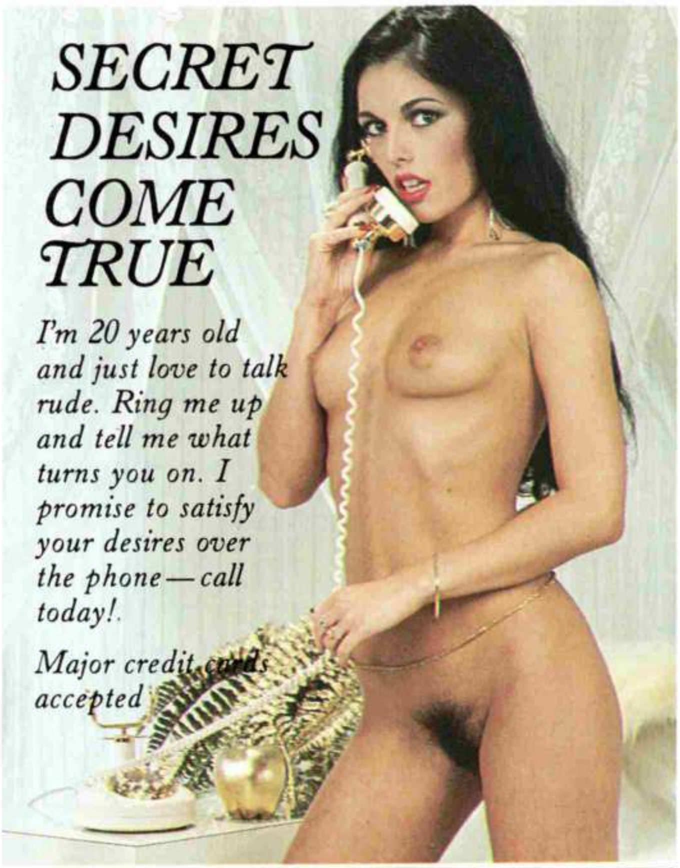
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CHARLIE'S TALE – peeping in on matron 0898 777 838.

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T.V. TALES

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NAUGHTY BOYS call for your punishment 0898 777 809.

ON YOUR KNEES and "lick my boots" you disobedient boy 0898 777 811.

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WHAT A NAUGHTY GIRL I AM, in my tight white panties – please call and spank me!!! on 0898 777 807.

I'LL MAKE MY BIG BOOBS BOUNCE for you – just call me on 0898 777 807.

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HI, I'M SALLY and I need spanking – any offers 0898 777 883.

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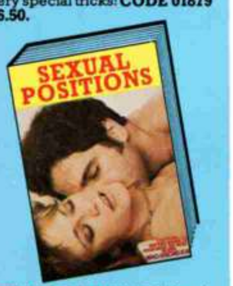

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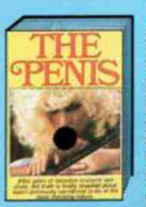
MARRIAGE BED — The title tells it all!! Big and bold, and completely uncensored for your education and enjoyment. The brash photos and text bring you right to the threshhold of the "very liberated"! **CODE 11959 £6.50.**



PENIS BOOK — Sex doctor Dick Richards tells you how you can have a larger penis in just six weeks by using his proven techniques and exercises. **CODE** 03185 £6.25

EXOTIC LOVE GAMES — Exceptional pictures and provocative text explore every aspect of human sexuality as a beautiful couple indulge their every fantasy. Outrageous! **CODE** 07416 £8.50

UNCENSORED

STA-HARD — Helps keep your pleasure-seeking pecker big and hard for those marathon sex sessions. A little dab on your penis will put a smile on her face! **CODE** 08406 £4.95

SLIK LUBRICANT
Slik is no ordinary lubricant. Many lubes lose their "slide" after a short time. SLIK stays slippery until you remove it. It never gets sticky! SLIK coats the surface of the skin with a slippery glaze. It won't "vanish" into the skin or evaporate. And because of the unique formula a little SLIK goes a very long way! 4 OZ. SLIK JUST **£6.95 CODE 22394.**

BACK DOOR ACTION!

THE VIBRATING PROBE – This vibrating

penetration probe will prove an exciting sensation just anywhere! **Code 08417 £8.55**

VIBRATING EXTENSION
Now our popular cock extension comes in a vibrating version too! Add those extra inches with pulsating multi-speed vibrating thrills. Molded of soft latex, this 2½" cock booster feels incredibly like the real thing—guaranteed to satisfy the horniest! **CODE 13565 £11.95.**

DELUXE EJACULATOR — Hey fellas. It's the greediest pussy you've ever been in and it vibrates, pulsates and "squeezes" you off! **CODE 01610* £17.95**

"Hi honey! I'm Judy . . . and I just know that you are going to have some great fun with these wild and sexy toys. Believe me, your nights are never going to be the same!"

ENDROS
FOR MEN
NEW YORK LONDON TORONTO

ENDROS—NEW EXTRA STRENGTH!
From the first whiff of this magical aftershave, the special pheromone ingredient gets her vital juices flowing! Pheromone is the scent given off by human man during lust that both attracts and excites his female partner. You just cannot get this amazing seduction potion anywhere else...so send for yours today. 2 fl. oz. **CODE 00475 £9.75.**

MAXIMUS — Maximize your penis potential with this amazing erection cream. Work a little into your penis to make it a pulsating powerhouse. **CODE** 08575 £5.25

INSTANT INCHES
The amazing strap-on is perfect for those nights when she just can't get enough. Put this big dildo over your penis and give her more than she can handle!
CODE 21268 £14.95

EXTAS-X

EXTAS X —THE NON-STOP PLEASURE-GIVER!! If you happen to be alone, or choose to be, here's your ideal companion...the Triple Action Extas-X gets you off like you've never been drained before! It SUCKS, it PUMPS, and it VIBRATES all in one super satisfying simultaneous action! **CODE 07120 £27.50.**

DOUBLE PLEASURE

NEW!!! DOUBLE DONG — Double your pleasure with this double-headed dildo that looks and feels just like the real thing. Soft and flexible. **Code 06282 £15.95**

POCKET-PUSS
YOU'LL SWEAR YOU'RE INTO THE REAL THING! The horny man's perfect, portable playmate of the moment! Ultimate tension reliever of all time. Feels and pulsates just like a real pussy. She's always ready and willing to gobble up every throbbing inch of you.
CODE 01313 £23.95.

BLACK MAMBA

THE BLACK MAMBA — Say hello to the most fantastic pleaser a woman has ever known. The mere sight of this marvelous monument of manhood will bring out the animal within her. And the super vibrating action will keep her moaning and groaning in endless orgasmic delight. The Mamba is a full 8" of thick, throbbing meat. Soothe and groove her with this tower of power! **CODE 11776 £15.95.**

CI

Valentine Products (M.O.) Ltd.
PO Box 68, West Drayton, Middx UB7 0BR

Please rush me the items listed below. I have enclosed my cheque or postal order plus 60p per item to cover postage and handling. My order will arrive discreetly packaged and I may return it within 7 days for a refund if not totally satisfied.

PLEASE TYPE OR PRINT CLEARLY

NAME ____________________

SIGNATURE ____________________
(My signature verifies that I am over 18 years of age)

ADDRESS ____________________

____

____

CODE	PRICE	P&H	TOTAL
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
		+60p	=£
TOTAL ENCLOSED			=£

Overseas orders welcome. Please add 20% to cover extra postage & handling costs. Please enclose my FREE catalogue. I enter my name for all future issues.

FREE
CATALOG OF SEXUAL AIDS WITH EVERY ORDER!

JUST LISTEN TO MY XXX GIRLFRIEND AND I WILL BLOW YOU A TELEPHONE KISS

"BLOW BELINDA"

0898 100 427

LONDON 0077 100 450

TRANSVESTITE TREVOR SPEAKS

0898 100 435

LONDON 0077 100 400

FOOT FETISH

RING NOW FOR THE FACTS

0898 100 492

LONDON 0077 100 400

ALL GIRL MUD WRESTLING

JUST LISTEN!!

0898 100 408

LONDON 0077 100 405

CALL ME NOW!!

Just listen to the XXX NYMPHO

JUST LISTEN

0898 100 428

LONDON 0077 100 455

BONKING

IN THE SEWER OF THE STRAND

AROMA ANNIE

0898 100 420

LONDON 0077 100 440

S.T. calls charged at 38p per minute 25p off peak

S.T. calls charged at 38p per minute 25p off peak

SUSPENDERS

I WILL KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE

0898 100 439

LONDON 0077 100 430

XXX NEWS

LISTEN TO THE XXX NEWS TOLD BY THE XXX NYMPHO

0898 100 489

LONDON 0077 100 415

CALL ME!

I dare you to listen to the tape recorded message on

LONDON 0077 100 445

0898 100 421

(ADULTS)

TELL TIT!

SANDY LANE SNEAKS! (SHE GETS IT OFF HER CHEST)

0898 100 437

LONDON 0077 100 445

JOLLY HOCKEY STICKS

Just listen!

0898 100 436

LONDON 0077 410

HOUSEWIFE CONFESSIONS

0898 100 410

LONDON 0077 100 415

INTIMATE CONTACTS

1ST TIME IN U.K.
TRANSVESTITE TOUCH LINE 0836 402 821
INTIMATE MASSAGE SERVICE 0898 777 626
THE GAY EXPERIENCE 0836 402 820
NAUGHTY BOYS WANTED FOR SPANKING 0898 444 905
BI-LINE AC/DC GUYS AND GIRLS 0836 402 822
GIRLS INTO SEX TOYS & SEX TOYS INTO GIRLS 0898 900 597
LESBIAN CONTACT CLUB 0836 402 823
VIRGINS SEEKING FIRST TIME 0898 900 596
SWINGING COUPLES LOOKING FOR ACTION 0836 402 818
MARRIED WOMEN SEEKING SAFE - DISCREET SEX 0836 402 819
PHONE FOR A GIRL OR GUY ON 0898 777 627/628
GAY CONNECTIONS 0898 777 661

AFTER 10PM LIVE SEX SHOW 0898 900 594

SEX-A-PHONE

HOT WET N' WILLING	0898 777 601
DIRTY WIVES CONFESS	0898 777 602
10" INCH DELIGHTS!	0898 777 603
ORAL SEDUCTION	0898 777 604
TELEPHONE CLIMAX	0898 777 605
LEATHER FETISH	0898 777 606
69 HOT LINE	0898 777 607
DIRTY TALKING	0898 777 608
SEXUALLY YOURS	0898 777 609
BONK-A-WIFE!	0898 777 621
SARAH'S SORE!	0898 777 622
LIVE SEX LINE	0898 777 623
AFTER 9PM SEX	0898 900 598/4
DIAL A GIRL (24 hrs)	0898 444 906
DIAL A GUY (24 hrs)	0898 444 907

SEX MANIACS HOTLINE	0898 10-06-25
IMPORTED SEX ACTION	0898 10-06-18
AFTER 9PM LIVE SEX	0898 10-06-35
INDECENT WIVES	0898 10-06-19
I'M COMING SOON	0898 10-06-38
TELEPHONE SEX (24hrs)	0898 10-06-15
VIBRATOR GIRLS	0898 10-06-36
BEND OVER SANDRA	0898 10-06-09

BOTTOMLINE PRODUCTIONS. Calls charged at 25p (off peak) 38p (peak) per min. inc. VAT.

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24 HR SEX!

DIAL A GIRL (ANYTIME)	0836 402 806
MAID FOR SEX	0836 402 807
SWEET VICKY'S FIRST TIME	0836 402 808
HORNY HOUSEWIFE	0836 402 809
LIZZIE LICKS	0836 402 810
SARAH'S SEX OFFER	0836 402 811
WET LEATHER DREAMS	0836 402 812
DIRTY GIRLS CONFESS	0836 402 813
IT'S A TIGHT FIT	0836 402 814
STRIP ME – BONK ME	0836 402 815
STICKY FINGERS!	0836 402 816
SPANKED UNTIL SORE	0836 402 817

RANDY MANDY WANTS TO GIVE YOU ONE!
0898 77-76-26

STRIPTEASE GIRLS
0898 77-76-25

BLACK RUBBER LOVE
0898 44-49-04

MY PANTIES ARE FREE
0898 44-49-02

GAY CONNECTION
0898 77-76-61

RING FOR RELIEF
0898 44-49-03

AFTER 9PM SEX LINES
0898 90-05-98

ADULT MAIL ORDER

HOUSEWIFE
XX VIDEO XX

Young housewife (22yrs) has private video for sale, lots of poses, knickers & suspenders, filmed by husband at home, very explicit, send £15 for video & personal letter to **Shelly,**

Mail Order Video,
10 Wincott Parade, London SE11 6SR

MEET NEW & EXCITING GIRLFRIENDS

Don't spend another evening alone! You can meet new & exciting girlfriends with direct telephone contacts. Each mag features naughty pictures & direct telephone numbers of AC/DC, Lesbian & Straight single females. 1 mag £5: 2 mags £8: 3 mags £10. Send order to: **Nationwide Pleasure, 106 Baker Street, London W1M 1LA**

HARDCORE AMATEUR VIDEOS

These young couples have their own private video cameras and enjoy sharing their bedrooms with you. No scripts, fake emotions, or editing. *FULLY EXPLICIT*, you will be shocked at what you see (amateur video's always wanted). Send £20 for 1hr adult video to: **Homegrown Video, 16, Tuesday Market Place, Kings Lynn, Norfolk PE30 1JN.**

TWO HORNY YOUNG GIRLS

We are two young girls Sally (aged 18 yrs) and Jane (aged 20 yrs), and we share a flat in North London. We have made a private video filmed at home, with hot males in mind. You can see us stripping in our bedroom & trying on all sorts of naughty underwear such as white knickers, suspenders etc, we leave nothing to the imagination. Send only £25 for private video and personal letter from us both.

S & J PO Box 327, London N1 9YE

SWEDISH IMPORTED MAGS

For the very best in hardcore magazines, direct from Europe, send just £10 for full colour sample & illustrated lists to **Import Supplies, 82 Great Eastern Street, London EC1.**

STRIP VIDEO

One hour of striptease entertainment. Gorgeous girls strip for your eyes only. Great underwear including black stockings, suspenders & school girl uniforms. Send £18 to **Pleasuretime, 82, Great Eastern Street, London EC1.**

HI, MY NAMES VICKY

I have a special book packed with revealing pictures & *direct* telephone numbers of all my naughty girlfriends, and you could call them now. Send just £10 for my special book, write to me now **Vicky, PO Box 327, London N1 9YE**

BLACK STOCKINGS

Totally explicit 1hr video completely dedicated to black stockings, suspenders, tights & high heels. Just send £15 to: **Total Leisure, 372 Old Street, London EC1.**

XXXX
DIRECT FROM EUROPE
SAMPLE MAG £8
SAMPLE VIDEO £15
Import Supplies,
82 Gt. Eastern St,
London EC1.
XXXX

•IMPORTS ONLY•

NATIONWIDE SEX CONTACTS

Lesbian, AC/DC, Married Couples, Single Girls, whatever you are looking for you will find it here! 1 mag £5: 3 mags £7: 4 mags £8. Write with orders to: **Nightime Entertainment, 372 Old Street, London EC1V 9LT.**

BLUE MOVIES

60 minutes of top quality adult entertainment featuring top U.S. porno stars!

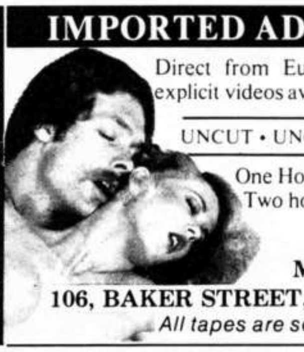
£20! (1HR VHS)
MIDNIGHT VIDEO
106, BAKER STREET
LONDON W1M 1LA.

UP THE SKIRT VIDEO

1 hour of up the skirt views & quick flashes send £20 to: **Pleasuretime, 82, Great Eastern Street, London EC1.**

IMPORTED ADULT VIDEOS

XXHARDCORE VIDEOSXX



Direct from Europe, these are the most explicit videos available *anywhere* in the UK.

UNCUT • UNCENSORED • XXEXPLICIT

One Hour £15 Three Hour £35
Two hour £25 Four hour £43

SEND ORDERS TO
MIDNIGHT VIDEO,
106, BAKER STREET, LONDON W1M 1LA.

All tapes are sent under plain wrapper.

XXHARDCORE VIDEOSXX

READERS WIFES

One hour of Readers Wifes on video. All amateur filmed. Send £20 to:
Mail Order Video,
10 Wincott Parade,
London SE11 6SR

HARD SEX
XX VIDEO XX
0898 777905

SPANK MAGAZINES

This special 'CP' magpack includes 3 of the very best spank mags available, full colour slap entertainment, sweet looking girls, all 3 mags for only £15 inc P&P. Send orders to: **Midnight Magazines, 106 Baker St, London W1.**

HARDCORE MAGAZINES

• TOTALLY EXPLICIT •
• DIRECT FROM EUROPE •

The very best in hardcore magazines. Send £10 for sample mag & lists. Orders to: **Nightime Entertainment (Imports), 372 Old Street, London EC1V 9LT**

MEET NEW 19 YEAR OLD GIRLFRIEND
0898 777911

DOMINANT

Two Excellent "FEM-DOM" Contact Mags, Great f/d Pictures, Stories & Nationwide f/d Contacts. Send £8 (inc. P&P) to:
Total Leisure,
372 Old Street, London EC1.

BIG BOOB MAGAZINES

Bra-Buster Magpack 3 full colour magazines for only £10! (inc. P&P)
Write to:
ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT, 10 WINCOTT PARADE, KENNINGTON ROAD, LONDON SE11 6SR

BIG TITS
ON VIDEO

THE BIGGEST TITS IN THE WORLD LIVE ON VIDEO
UNCUT - TOTALLY EXPLICIT
SEND £17 FOR 1HR VHS

Homegrown Video, 16 Tuesday Market Pl, Kings Lynn, Norfolk PE30 1JN.

WHAM
BAM WINNIE
TELLS ALL
0898 100 469
LONDON 0077 100 420

LESBIAN
SECRETS
EXPOSED
0898 100 476
LONDON 0077 100 440

LESBIAN
PILLOW TALK
TAPE RECORDED ORIGINAL
0898 100 480
LONDON 0077 100 420

BONKING INFORMATION SERVICE - DARE YOU LISTEN TO THIS TAPE RECORDING?
0898 100 491
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420

LESBIAN
ADVICE CENTRE
PROBLEM AND ADVICE LINE
JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE ON THIS SENSITIVE SUBJECT
0898 100 415
OR FROM LONDON
0077-100-435

CALL US NOW
JUST LISTEN
THE EXOTIC DUO IN
ACTION
DIAL 0898 100 492
FROM LONDON 0077 100 405

LESBIAN
SECRETS
REVEALED
0898 100 464
LONDON 0077 100 440

Details of THE "BOUNCY BOUNCY" club
"WHY I WAS BLACKBALLED BY BERTHA BRISTOLS"
0898 100 421
LONDON 0077-100-440

CALL ME!
JUST
LISTEN
Ring Now
0898 100 468
LONDON 0077 100 410

RUDE
VIDEO
INFORMATION
CALL ME
0898 100 440
LONDON 0077 100 400

BOMBA
THE
BONKER
TELLS ALL
0898 100 422
LONDON 0077 100 430

FREE!
A THREE HOUR BLANK VIDEO CASSETTE
(VHS OR BETA)
CALL THE VIDEO INFORMATION CLUB
ON
0898 100 441
24 HOUR TAPE RECORDING
Hi, I'm Tracey.
I will explain how it is done.
It's fun to listen!

CALL ME NOW!
I DARE YOU!
0898
100
423
JUST LISTEN
TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE" DIAL (NOW)
LONDON 0077 100 440

ECSTASY
JANE
Speaks
DIAL
0898 100 462
AND JUST LISTEN
LONDON 0077 100 415

CALL ME
NOW!!
Just
listen
to the
XXX
NYMPHO
0898 100 499
LONDON 0077 100 455

All calls to advertisements on this page are charged at 38p peak or 25p off peak. ST. P.O. Box 242. London SW15 2RJ.

THE
THIRTY NINE
STRIPS
BY PHONE!
HEAR THE PEELING
TO HIT THE CEILING
STAG FUN
DIAL
0898 100 459

LESBIAN ADMISSIONS
THE TRUTH IN SECRETS REVEALED BY DEBBIE DYKE
0898 100 457
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420
ST calls charged at 38p per minute 25p off peak

ECSTASY
JANE
Speaks
DIAL
0898
100 473
FROM LONDON
0077 100 410
AND JUST
LISTEN

DILLIS
DIAL 'O'
TELLS MORE!
0898 100 472
LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL US NOW
JUST LISTEN
THE OH! OH! GIRLS
IN ACTION
0898 100 484
LONDON 0077 100 405

DEEPTHROAT
DEBBIE
CONFESSES TO ALL
DIAL
0898 100
456
LONDON
0077 100
415
JUST LISTEN

LESBIAN
CONFESSIONS
DARE YOU LISTEN?
0898 100 458
LONDON 0077 100 455

THE
Oh! Oh!
GIRLS
OUR LATEST RECORDING
0898 100 478
LONDON 0077 100 455

THE ORIGINAL
PILLOW TALK!!
NO NONSENSE TO THIS RECORDING !!!
CALL
0898 100 424
LONDON 0077 100 450

0898 100 425
FROM LONDON: 0077 100 415
BONKING
ADVISORY SERVICE
JUST LISTEN TO
GLENDA
GLADRAGS
BONK

CALL US NOW!
0898 100 426
FROM LONDON
077-100-400
LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDING OF THE EXOTIC MYSTERY GIRLS!

LESBIAN
LETTERS READ IN DETAIL BY
DILLIS DIAL'O
WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW – AND HEAR
DIAL (TO LISTEN)
0898-100-497
LONDON 0077 100 420
ALSO, WE PAY £100 FOR EACH LESBIAN LETTER PUBLISHED

THE BONK
STONK
Call Me
JUST LISTEN
0898 100 466
LONDON 0077 100 430

WOW WANETA
THE ORIGINAL
XXX MAN EATER
DARE YOU LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY – JUST LISTEN!
0898 100 490
LONDON 0077 100 435

GAY *PROBLEM + ADVICE*
(MALE HOMOSEXUAL) *LINE*

1. Am I gay? 2. Is my friend gay?
3. Am I suffering gay fantasies? 4. General.

JUST LISTEN TO THE TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE ON THIS SENSITIVE SUBJECT

DIAL 0898 100 409
AND JUST LISTEN

FRENCH
LETTERS
READ BY
Fifi
0898
100 427
LONDON 0077
100 420

DIRTY DENISE
TELLS ALL
AT LAST!
"THE TRUTH IS TOLD"
TAPE RECORDED MESSAGE
Phone 0898 100 495
LONDON 0077 100 415
AND JUST LISTEN

French
MAID
TELLS
ALL
OO-LA-LA
0898 100 428
LONDON 0077-100-425

LESBIAN LETTERS READ IN SECRET BY DEBBIE DYKE (JUST LISTEN)
0898 100 429
FROM LONDON 0077 100 420

CALL ME
CINDY
JONES
DIAL
0898 100 431
LONDON 0077 100 405

PLAY
BUMPER BOOBS
WITH
BERTHA BRISTOLS
JUST HAVE TWO SHEETS OF PAPER A BAR OF SOAP AND A CUP OF WARM WATER READY
DIAL:
0898 100 467
LONDON 0077 100 440 AND THEN YOU CAN PLAY BUMPER BOOBS WITH BERTHA BRISTOLS.
IT'S A FUN GAME FOR ONE PERSON, OR TWO AND GROUPS

LESBIAN
GROUP
MESSAGE
DARE YOU LISTEN
0898 100 474
LONDON 0077 100 405

SAY NO
MORE
LISTEN
TO
MAXINE
JUST DIAL
0898 100 496
LONDON 0077 100 405

FOR FULL EXPLICIT DETAILS OR TO ORDER BY PHONE

RINGPARK PRESENTS

DIAL 0898 900 599

(Calls charged at 38p per minute peak, 25p off peak).

THE ULTIMATE IN SEXY VIDEOS AND PHOTOSETS FOR YOUR PLEASURE

SHAVEN GIRL PHOTOSETS
1-HELEN
2-HELEN
3-GINA
4-GINA
5-GINA
6-SUSIE

A SUPERB RANGE OF THE ULTIMATE IN SEXY VIDEOS AND PHOTOSETS TO TURN YOU ON. WHAT WE OFFER IS WHAT WE SELL; FOR YOUR PLEASURE.

GIRLS IN TIGHTS PHOTOSETS
13-PENNY
14-CARRIE
15-GINA
16-APRIL
17-CATHY
18-KIM

BUSTY GIRL PHOTOSETS
7-HELEN
8-ELEANOR
9-YOLANDA
10-CATHY
11-LOUSIE
12-JACKIE

YOUNG GIRLS PHOTOSETS
19-PENNY
20-SUSIE
21-KIM
22-VICKY
23-LYNNE
24-APRIL

ALL GIRL PHOTOSETS
25-HELEN/RHONA
26-SAMANTHA/JENNY
27-JONI/GINA
28-MICHELLE/CHRISSY

EACH OF THE GIRLS SEEN HERE IS AVAILABLE IN A ONE HOUR VIDEO OF HER OWN!

PRICES
VIDEOS 1 £15, 2 £28, 3 £40, 4 £48, 5 £55, 6 or more £10 each.
PHOTOSETS each set £6, any 4 £22, any 8 £38, any 16 £72
Full colour catalogue £2.

ORDER FORM: CI
PLEASE SEND ME THE VIDEOS/PHOTOSETS MARKED.
PHOTOSETS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28
VIDEOS A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
....
for videos please indicate VHS .... Betamax .... V8 ....
RINGPARK, PO BOX 62, HALIFAX, WEST YORKSHIRE HX1 1EU.

VIDEOS

A B C D E F	MULTI GIRL SAMPLE VIDEOS (6 different)
G	SHAVEN GIRLS VIDEO
H	SHOWER/BATHING GIRLS
I	DANCING/STRIPPING GIRLS
J	BUSTY GIRLS
K	GIRLS TOGETHER 1
L	GIRLS TOGETHER 2
M	UNIFORM GIRLS

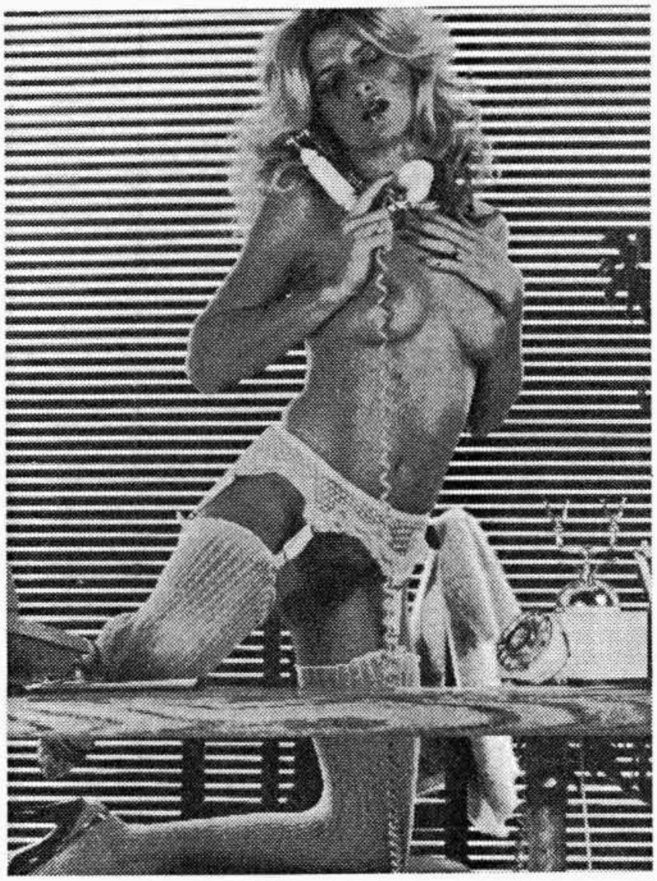
Ringpark, PO Box 62, Halifax,
West Yorkshire HX1 1EU

ADVERTISEMENT

PHONE SCANDAL

BY SUZIE HOLDSWORTH, OUR WELL-RIDDEN RAVING REPORTER

You might be forgiven for thinking that all those telephone lines you see advertised are nothing more than cum-ons, with tame messages masquerading as harder-than-hard porno filth. Well let me tell you that, whilst that may be true for many of them, one company at least lives up to its promises, and was this girl shocked!.



Behind the scenes at a Diamond recording session!

I recently paid a visit to the offices of the Diamond Network to see how the whole system was put together, expecting to bring back a dull and technical explanation more suited to the pages of a British Telecom house journal than to this rareified volume, but as you can see from these (heavily censored) photographs of an actual recording session, what goes on is actually *a lot harder and a lot hornier than even the adverts lay claim to.* If I say that during the session two microphones had to be replaced, having been momentarily confused with a similarly prominent part of one of the male participant's anatomy, then you'll get the picture!! (Actually, the feedback was extraordinary!).

Some of the things that went on were so thoroughly disgusting that I can't possibly describe them in detail, even here! Still, try phoning a few of these numbers yourself – to make things easy for you, we've printed a listing of just some of the numbers available – calls, I understand, are charged at 38p per minute during peak hours, and 25p per minute off peak. And when you do phone up, you'll know that what you're listening to is for real. And if you go blind, don't worry, next month we'll re-run this just for you, in braille!

NAUGHTY GIRLS

AIME NEEDS A FIRM HAND She's been very naughty – find out how and punish her. 0898 886 486 NOW!!!
I'LL PULL MY PANTIES DOWN for you!!! Please make me do it. 0898 886 471
NAUGHTY girl requires punishing for illicit activities in public. 0898 886 426 NOW!!!
LITTLE ANGIE – cant speak with her mouth full. Please excuse her!!! 0898 886 419
NAUGHTY NICKY – What would you do to me? 0898 886 463
NAUGHTY GIRLS must bend over now. 0898 886 478
LISA GETS IT LICKED 0898 886 417
ORAL EXAMINATION 0898 886 412

PRIVATE & PERSONAL

I'LL SHOW YOU MINE if you show me yours – call big boobs Betty on 0898 886 407
ALL GIRL SUPRISE PARTY – call & get invited – 0898 886 414
FELICITY FINGERS – does it for you V.I.P. from top to toe lay back and dial 0898 886 419
HI I'M RANDY MANDY – I'm hot fluffy & I love a good rise. Can you help me on – 0898 886 417
10 PENCE A TOSS – Call & give it a go – 0898 886 416
STREET STRIPPER The Queen of sleaze – 0898 886 419
I'LL BEND OVER in my maids uniform just for you!! 0898 886 410
GINAS MAGIC MOMENTS – love with aids – 0898 886 451
THE CANDY CLUB – 0898 886 443
THE HOUSE OF SEX – 0898 886 446
PLAYTIE – 0898 886 447
VIDEOS, VIDEOS, VIDEOS – 0898 886 448
EXPRESS VIDEOS – 0898 886 449
TEACH ME A LESSON 0898 886 425
SHY BUT LONELY GIRL – new to area requires active men for mutual fun – NOW!!! 0898 886 410
FRUSTRATED LADY requires fit men for her funeral of love. 0898 886 431
VIRGIN totally unaware of sexual activity needs instruction. Call me and advise me on what!!! 0898 886 488
SOME LIKE 'EM SLOW!!! Some like 'em fast!!! I like the ones that need hand starting. 0898 886 491

SITUATIONS VACANT

NEW BLUE MOVIES STARS REQUIRED Urgent!!! Call now 0898 886 474 Leave your message.
TWO GIRLS who love performing together need listeners to turn them on 0898 886 423
BE BLOWN BY BELINDA An excellent job 0898 886 429
MASSEUSE for any form of rub. Call 0898 886 439
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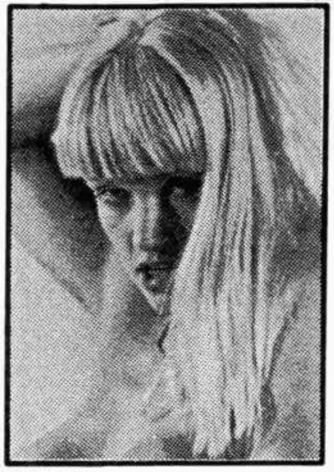

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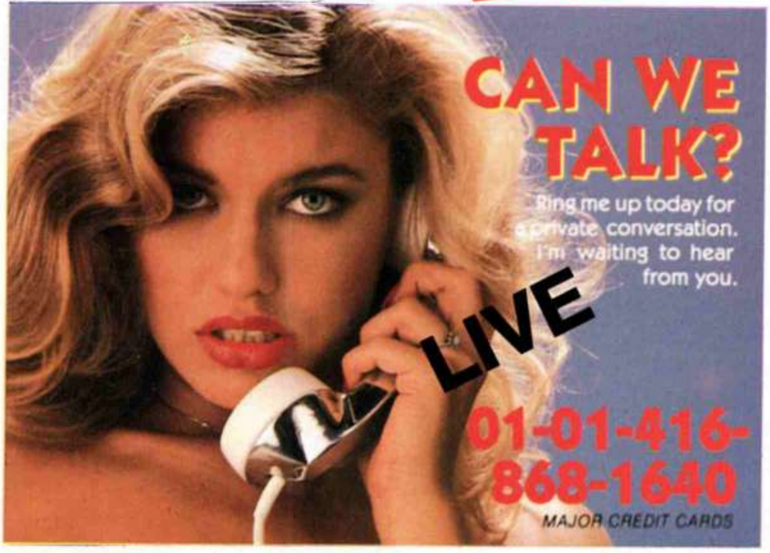
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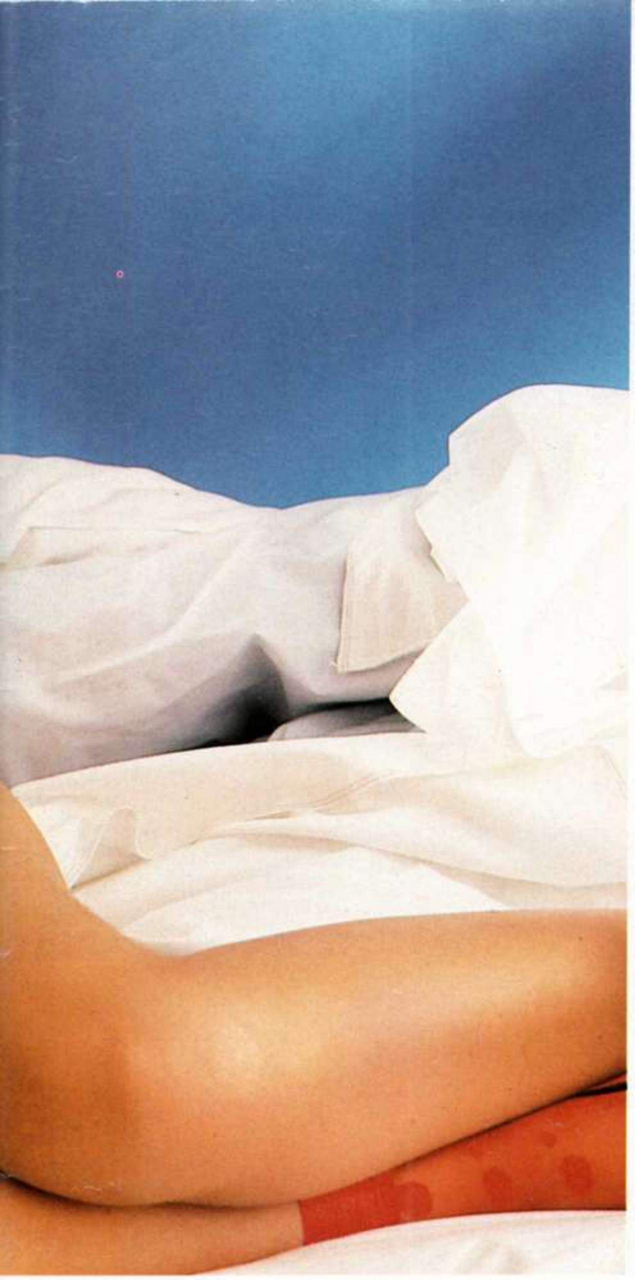
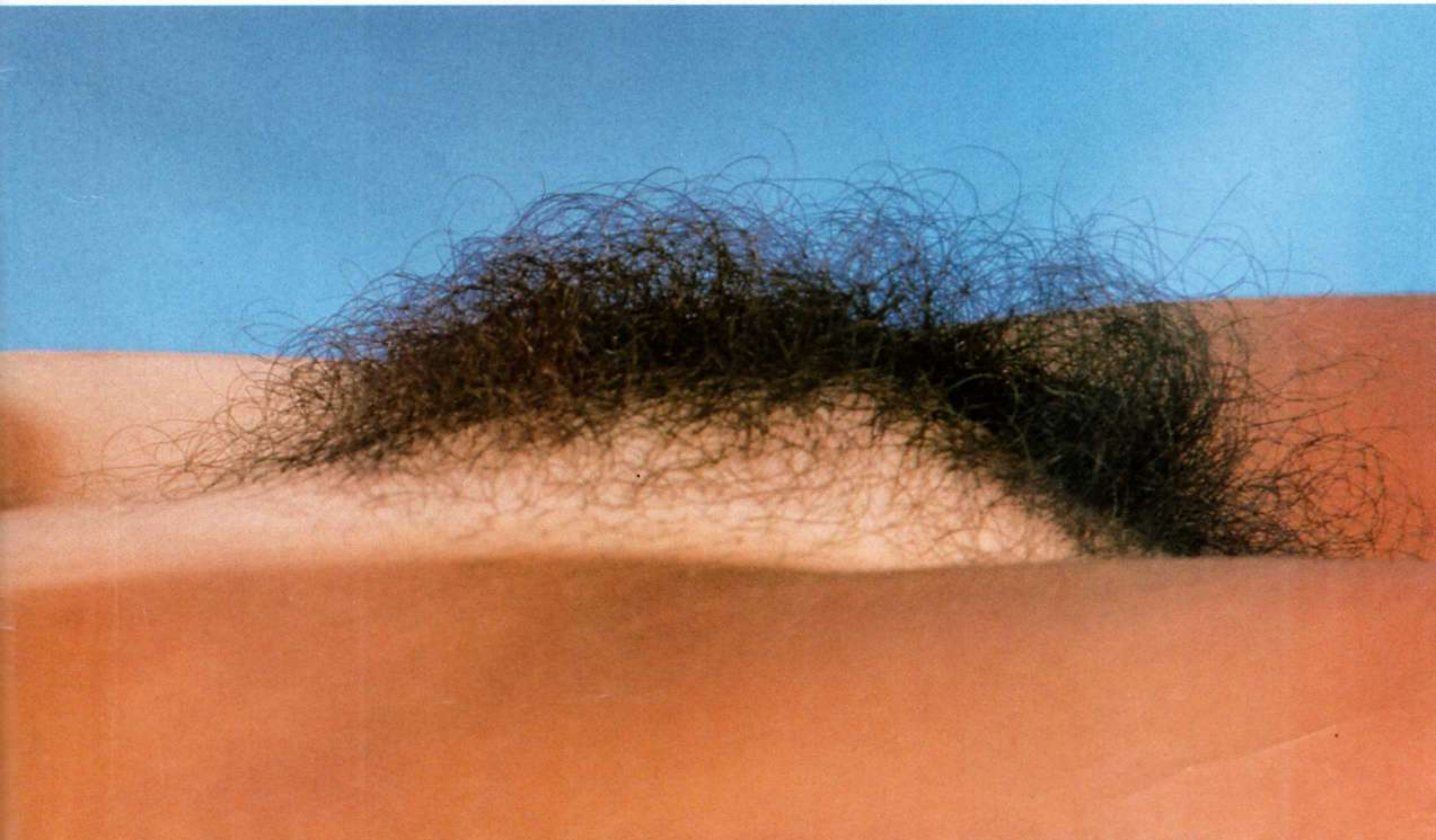
CALLS CHARGED AT 25P PER MIN. 38P PER MIN PEAK

Gail

Photographs by Scott Evans

When Gail Casey blows, she certainly blows hard. And that's not just when she's playing that sax. "This is my own sax, my most treasured possession," the Liverpool lovely told us. "I've been playing sax since I was at school, and





I still play in a couple of jazz bands. But the great thing about playing the sax is that it teaches you useful breathing techniques and gives your lips wonderful suction into the bargain! That's really helped my sex life no end. None of my

boyfriends can believe what's hit them when I clamp my lips round their dicks and start to suck. And when I really get into the blowjob, I never have to come up for air. I just use my sax breathing method and keep right on going till I get my reward. Now that's what I call hitting the right note!'' ♣

coming in

club

SEX-CRAZED MARTIANS!!!

Club has been invaded by strange alien beings who do nothing but open their legs and go "Na-na nu-nu". This translates as "My aunt has removed her clothes". What can it all mean? Find out in February! ♣

VOLUME 18 NUMBER 2 ON SALE FEBRUARY 2ND

OUT OF THIS WORLD

IN · THE · BAG

continued from page 27

slightly odorous, manicured feet with kisses and my tongue.

Please, when you photograph the models, remove the shoes and let's see their stockinged feet. Perhaps you could print an article on this subject as it's now quite a common one. – *Anon*

If other readers want more feet, write and let us know! – Ed

Sweet Georgie

As a man in my forties with a wife no longer interested in sex I never dreamed I would have anything to write to your excellent magazine about. But things have changed for the better lately.

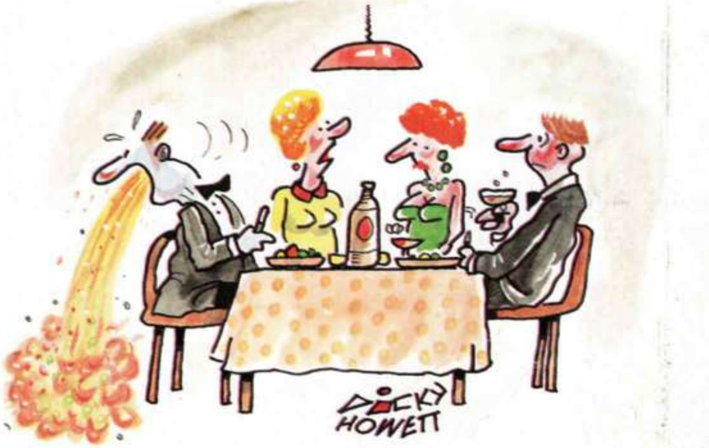
My wife and I own a confectionary shop which my wife has spent less time in recently because of her welfare work. So we decided to get an assistant in, and my wife arranged for Georgina, the 18-year-old daughter of a neighbour, to come and work for us. Georgie is an attractive girl with curly blonde hair and a great figure. My favourite feature about Georgie is her wonderful rounded arse.

During the first week Georgie must have noticed me continually staring at her backside. Whenever she bent down her mini-skirt would ride up and her tight little panties would be exposed to my swelling cock. On the Sunday my wife went off to her sister's and I was expecting to run the shop on my own until we closed at 12pm, but about 10am Georgie appeared, saying she thought I might need a hand.

At 12pm sharp I shut the shop and asked Georgie if she'd like to come to the front room for a well earned drink, and she said she would as she had a present for me. I poured us both a drink and then she opened her handbag to give me my present. There, all wrapped in a polythene bag, were the pair of pale blue panties she had worn the previous day. She took them out of the bag, walked over to where I was sitting and held the crotch of her panties under my nose. The smell of her pussy juice was sensational and within a few seconds my prick was bursting to get out of my trousers. I couldn't believe it when she unzipped my trousers, pulled down my pants and knelt down, taking my erect cock into her sweet mouth. She licked and sucked it like she was eating a lollipop. Then she suddenly stopped, stood up, took her skirt and knickers off then walked to the sofa, turned round with her back to me and presented me with the most gorgeous arse I'd ever seen.

Well, I may not be the smartest bloke in the world but I didn't need a second invitation. I was behind her in a flash, cock in hand and gripping her hips I plunged my donger into her already wet snatch. She was soon shouting with pleasure as I shafted her hard and fast, giving her bum the occasional slap with my hand which she obviously loved. Georgie had climaxed twice before I felt my load building up, and sensing my ejaculation was near by my loud moaning sounds Georgie urged me to spunk over her arse. After a few more thrusts and hard slaps on her bottom I pulled my prick out just in time as my spray cascaded over Georgie's bum cheeks.

My life has now improved out of all recognition. Georgie is willing to do anything I want. She just loves sex and she doesn't ask for anything in return. – *John, Middlesex*♣



Charles is always very particular about his food

The Club guide to girls

4: Girls who gobble

***Vernon O'Tamar* continues our guide to girls: who they are, where they are and how to polish their tonsils. Now read on . . .**

Let's face it, we all want our dicks sucked. There's nothing quite like the feeling of an electrolux-powered pair of smackers round your old man to make your arse cheeks go into clench overdrive.

Trouble is, it often seems there isn't a single female out there who fancies helping out. But help is at hand: as long as you know a) how to spot the girls who might, and b) how to persuade them they'll enjoy it, finding a fellating female is a piece of piss.

Spotting the hardened tonsil-polishers is easy when you know what to look for. The lips.

They give it away every time. If they're wearing bright red lipstick, you're on to a winner: they'll leap on you and extrude your prostate as soon as the door's closed. Sounds corny, I know, but think: the girls wear that stuff *to make a statement*. And the statement is *I swallow it*. And who are you to deprive them of their nourishment?

Those are the brash ones, but there are another sort: the quiet ones with pale pink lipstick. The ones who lick their lips nervously if a bloke so much as looks their way. When you've finally got to the shagging stage with them (it can take months) and they catch sight of your pecker bobbing up and down under their nose, they'll hesitate for only a second before tucking it under their tongue like a mega-thermometer. They may look like wallflowers, but they'll give you a better sucking than a Hoover turbo.

My last girlfriend blew harder than Hurricane Gilbert, though she looked like the type who'd burst out crying at the sight of a cock. (But then, if you've got one like mine they often do. In sympathy.) She wore lipstick so pale it looked like she didn't have any lips at all. I hadn't really brought the subject of oral sex up on our dates – well, you don't like to talk dirty during *Bambi* – so first time we got at it I went for bust. I flopped it in front of her face and said "Gobble that, gorgeous," as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

Fools 'em every time. You've got to act natural, like you do this every day (I try, believe me, I try). She sniffed it a bit, inspected if from most angles, and then took a lick of the top. She pretty soon got the taste for it, and there followed a slow and fucking gorgeous journey down her throat that taught me more about biology than four years of O-level classes.

I've got this theory that most females have an instinct to suck, which is repressed during childhood when their dummies are taken away. I reckon all female babies should be allowed to keep their dummies as they grow up. That way by the time they hit 18 they'd have the suction power of a North Sea oil platform. It'd do a lot for women's rights as well – they could suck every man in Britain till he was a dry, gibbering wreck, and then go out and rule the place. That's my sort of equality.

But until that golden day comes, it's our duty to bring out that natural talent. So don't shirk when it comes to your turn: just give your old man a wash and brush up, then flop him in front of her nose and smile winningly. If she's still not interested, tell her Vern sent you. She gave me a beautiful gobble, I can tell you.♣

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